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FOUNDED IN 1836. TOLEDO, OHIO: THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 26, 1895 VOL. LXIII. NO. 40.

Poetry.

CHILLUN, CL'AR DE WAY!

Oh, de chicken scratch, en scratch, en scratch
When de rooster crow fer day;
Moonlight in de melon patch—
Chillun, cl'ar de way!

Chillun, cl'ar de way,
Chillun, cl'ar de way;

"I ALMOS' DEAD FOH DE MELON RED—"

De melon ripe,
With a milky stripe—
Oh, chillun, cl'ar de way!

Oh, de brown hawk fly 'twell he tech de sky,
En de pigeon coo en pray;
De melon grow whar de fence run high—
Chillun, cl'ar de way!

Chillun, cl'ar de way,
Chillun, cl'ar de way;
I almos' dead
Fo' de melon red—
Chillun, cl'ar de way!
—Atlanta Constitution.

OPEN THE DOOR.

Open the door, let in the air,
The winds are sweet and the flowers are fair;
Joy is abroad in the world to-day.
If our door is wide open he may come this way.
Open the door.

Open the door, let in the sun,
He hath a smile for every one;
He hath made of the raindrops gold and gems,
He may change our tears to diamonds.
Open the door.

Open the door of the soul, let in
Strong, pure thoughts, which shall banish sin;
They will grow and bloom with a grace divine,
And their fruit shall be sweeter than that of the vine.
Open the door.

Open the door of the heart, let in
Sympathy sweet for stranger and kin;
It will make the halls of the heart so fair
That angels may enter unaware.
—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

TO A SILK SHOE.

This dainty little silken shoe,
Which hangs upon my study wall,
Was once a fairy bark—the crew
Five elfin passengers so small
That, when across the dews they went,
Scarce were the billowy grasses bent.

And in the hold, for merchandise,
Were carried silks of divers hue,
White ivory such as kings might prize,
And marble-veined with softest blue—
My lady's foot, that has no peer
In either earthly hemisphere.

Ah! happy little shoe that bore
A burden light as thistledown,
Here are you anchored evermore,
Into a peaceful haven blown;
And may this e'er your comfort be,
That you are honored so by me.

For through the seasons I will wreathe
Your silken sides with fairest flowers,
Which, with their perfume sweet, shall breathe
Of summers gone, and scented hours,
When you, in all your pretty pride,
Upon my lady's service plied.
—Pall Mall Gazette.

Miscellany.

AUTOMATIC WAGONS.

A Contract for Five Hundred Delivery Wagons Made.

An enterprising business establishment in New York has lost no time in testing the practical usefulness of the latest French fad, the horseless carriage. The wagon is an automatic petroleum vehicle, using rectified petroleum of 700 degrees. The motor works horizontally. The wagon fitted with a series of sprocket wheels and chains, is guided by a crank and checked by three brakes. It can be stopped or started instantly. On a good road it runs about fifteen miles an hour, at a cost of less than a cent a mile. It climbs easily ten to twelve per cent grades, and has gone up a short grade of 30 per cent. The object of the dry goods firm which tested the wagon was to see how far it could be utilized for delivery purposes, for which two thousand similar vehicles are used in Paris. The wagon which is capable of carrying 1,320 pounds, rolled away easily with its full load at the touch of the driving lever, which was handled by the inventor on the box. There was scarcely any noise, save a regular pumping sound, that could not be heard ten feet away. The wagon ran well on cobble stones and took the inclines with great ease. The reservoir holds enough petroleum for a run of 75 miles. As the exploding of the petroleum is done by means of an electric spark, there is no danger of fire. No special knowledge is needed for the operation of the vehicle and one man can work both the brake and the driving lever. The test was so satisfactory that the 500 delivery wagons used by the firm which organized it are to be replaced by automatic petroleum wagons. Whether the new machine can be domesticated in a city paved as New York is, for the most part with more or less irregular stone blocks, is a question yet to be answered. Paris, like Washington, is chiefly paved with asphalt. Unfavorable as such a surface is to horses, to the horseless carriage it is ideal, and hence the extent of the present Parisian craze for horseless vehicles is not surprising.

Terrors of the Swordfish.

The capture and landing in Portland of 281 big swordfish by the schooned Albert Black in the last five weeks was not effected without some pretty narrow escapes from the swords of the fierce fish. During the last trip, when 119 fish were caught, one dory was pierced three times by the swords. Once the sword went up close to a man's back. Of course, his escape from serious injury or death was a narrow one. In another boat one of the swords came up so close to a man's foot that it passed between his trousers and his oil skins and ripped the latter clear up to the hip. On the previous trip four swords pierced the boats, making eight swords in all.—Boston Herald.

The New Woman.

The new woman will be the most beautiful and sweetest creature on earth all the time—and the first thing in the morning, as later in the day, and when she receives ten dollars for rocket money after she has teased for an even twenty-five. Because she will be more healthful and stronger in mind and body, and happier and braver in right and duty, in the purity and tenderness of her nature. The new woman will be a dearer friend of man because she will be fitted better to his understanding, and love; and she will be a closer companion because she will bear more equally and appreciatively both his pleasure and his pain.—Boston Guide.

HE KILLED TECUMSEH.

Bust of Vice-President Richard M. Johnson to be Put in the Capital.

A bust of Richard M. Johnson, who was the slayer of the great Indian chief and the Vice-President of the Union, is to be erected in the Capitol at Washington.

The bust is a fine one, and even in its unbecoming surroundings attracts attention by the imposing pose of the massive head and the clearness of its execution. The work was done by Mr. James Voorhees, a son of Senator Voorhees, and was due to a resolution passed by the Senate that the busts of all the Vice Presidents who had presided over that dignified body be placed in the hall, to overlook the former scenes of their political labors.

But Richard M. Johnson possesses an element of romance that lends to his memory more attraction than that failing to the ordinary public man. He was one of the men who lived in the early days of the Indian fighting, a pioneer of the country, and one whose life links this generation with that of Revolutionary times.

He was born in 1781, while Washington was still alive. While Johnson was in Congress in 1812, and the English and Indians had combined to attack the new republic, Johnson went home to Kentucky and raised a battalion of three companies, and after they had been consolidated into a regiment was made the colonel and served for ten months. He returned to his Congressional duties, but at the command of the secretary of War soon raised a company of a thousand volunteers and went to attack the enemy in the West, joining his forces to that of General William Henry Harrison, who was then governor of Indiana, and the leader of the American troops. It was then, on October 5, 1813, occurred the famous Battle of the Thames, in which Johnson was severely wounded.

The English forces were posted between the river and the marsh, while the Indians were on a high ground in the swampy land. Col. Johnson ordered his men forward, and the English let them get almost within a few yards before the command to fire was given. Then the bullets laid the front rank low. A desperate battle took place, which lasted for about eighteen minutes, the Americans being victorious. Tecumseh was found on the field dead, and it was asserted that Johnson was the one who shot him, as he was killed by a man on horseback, and Johnson was the only one mounted, his men being infantry. It was also known that Johnson had been engaged in a hand-to-hand fight with one of the most desperate of the chiefs, and it was thought that Tecumseh would be the very one to single out the leader to meet his tomahawk, a foe worthy of his steel. Johnson himself was badly wounded.

Although the death of Tecumseh at the hands of Johnson has been a much disputed point, he has always been given the credit, and in elections it was something which always added to his popularity; nothing strange, in an age when the statesmen were required to fight in the forests of a new world.

When Johnson returned to Congress he was still too sick to walk, and his way up the street was a triumphal procession, while a joint resolution of thanks was passed by the body. Afterward he came to the Senate, and then he was chosen Vive President on the ticket which was headed by Martin Van Buren. No election was made by the electoral college; thus failing in an election by this means Johnson was chosen by the Senate to that high position.

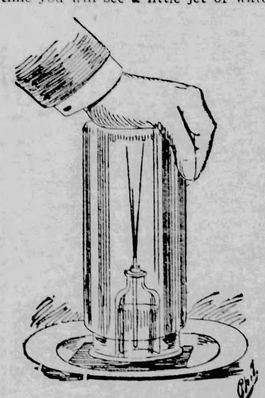
A MAGIC FOUNTAIN.

A Pretty Experiment Illustrating a Physical Law.

Pour water into a vial until you have half-filled it, and then through the cork run a piece of straw or a small glass tube of sufficient length to project slightly above the cork at the top and to reach within a quarter of an inch of the bottom of the vial. With varnish or sealing wax hermetically seal the cork, leaving the tube open, of course.

Get an ordinary pickle-bottle, and, having warmed it over the gas or a lamp, turn it upside down over the vial, as shown in the cut. To prevent air from getting into the bottle, you should lay a few sheets of dampened blotting-paper in the bottom of a plate, and stand the bottle on them.

Then press firmly upon the bottle to make the connection at the neck perfectly air-tight, and in a short time you will see a little jet of water



THE MAGIC FOUNTAIN.

come up through the tube from the vial, and if you have followed these instructions closely, the jet will go up and strike the bottom of the bottle. The reason is that the contraction of the inner air, from the cooling of the bottle, causes a pressure to be exerted upon the surface of the water in the vial, and that forces it up through the tube.

Encouraging Comparison.

"Miss — er, I beg pardon — Mrs. Wrynkle —"

"You were first right, Mr. Oldboy. I am not yet plucked from the parent stem."

"Like courage, miss. You know the Naomi, daughter of Enoch, was five hundred and eighty years old when she married."—Boston Herald.

What She Caught.

"Ella," said Marion, as they were seated on the veranda of their country house, "I went fishing with George this morning."

"Did you? What did you catch?"

"I caught George."—Tit-Bits.

Trapped.

Miss Elder—"I will bet you anything you like that I never marry."

Mr. Easy—"I'll take you."

Miss Elder (rapturously)—"Will you, really? Then I won't bet, after all."—Puck.

Where He Failed.

"How has Bluffton being doing?" asked the man who had been away from his native community for some time.

"Well, he has made a great deal of money."

"Getting along well, is he?"

"Well, he seemed to get along first rate till he tried to pass some of it."—Washington Post.

She Was Fishing.

Dora—Mr. Spooner says he always feels like a fish out of water when he is with me.

Cora—Then you've hooked him, have you?—Harper's Bazar.

"A hero of a hundred battles!"
She cried, admiring him through her tears.
"Indeed I am," he murmured sadly,
"For I've been married twenty years."

FLIGHT OF BIRDS.

Swift Movements of the Inhabitants of the Upper Air.

How wonderful and beautiful is the power of flight, and yet from the smallest insect that is tossed about by the gentle summer breeze to the great golden eagle that is capable of carrying a young lamb to his eyrie all are masters of the art, says the Boston Transcript. A large portion of the living animal world have wings and can use them. When watching a swallow's infinite power upon the wing one feels like rephrasing the cry of Richard III., "My kingdom for a horse," to "My kingdom for a pair of wings."

Perhaps among our most common birds the swallows are the most graceful and skillful of flight. Before a rain along our country roads the barn and white-bellied swallows are always to be seen cutting the air in graceful curves, now skimming the roads, now rising abruptly to sail over the stone wall, and float out across some neighboring meadow. They love the sea, also, and wing their way over its surface with marvelous skill.

The chimney-swift surpasses in the power of endurance even the swallow. Uncanny birds they are, far more like bats. Their flight is not as graceful as the swallow's, but in a way more erratic. They rest only in the chimneys or hollow trees, even gathering the twigs for the construction of their nests while on the wing. Their food also is taken when in flight—in fact the chimney-swift's life is spent in the heavens. "Perpetual motion" must be their motto, for but a few moments out of each twenty-four hours are spent at rest in the chimney's sooty depths.

The opposite of the swallow's and the swift's flight, one might say, is that of the kingbird. Jerky, spasmodic, graceful, as it is in the extreme and yet powerful; for the kingbird among crows certainly deserves his name. As all true tyrannidae he is an expert fly-catcher, and is very dextrous and often absurd in pursuit, tumbling over himself in his hurry to catch some dainty insect.

The monotonous undulations of the goldfinch, each rise and fall in the flight accompanied by the notes which resemble "considerable," give the bird an original if not a pleasing flight, and to me he brings to mind the two extremes of the season— in summer undulating over the sunny meadows and in winter over the snowbound fields.

When a robin crosses the sky so one can really see his flight, he is one of the few birds that look as if he really were going somewhere. Direct, even, and steady are the characteristics of the flight when really on the wing with some distant point in view.

The erratic and wonderfully rapid flight of the humming birds is marvelous, and the human eye can only vaguely follow their winding course; such strength for wing for so tiny a body seems almost incredible. Their migration southward from New England extends to South America.

The phoebe's flight is very like that of the kindbird, and his tumblings when in pursuit of insects are almost identical, but his long flights do not denote such power, nor, I think, such rapidity.

The wonderful feats of the carrier pigeons have become famous and the distance that they cover in a given time, is hardly to be believed. Each down beat of their wings looks as if they were flying in a denser atmosphere than air, so much power is shown.

The bats' crazy movements in the evening twilight are absurd, full of plunges, turnings, twistings, rapid flappings and tumbles, and yet they seem to know where they are going, and most certainly do.

The movements of a hawk or an eagle in the upper air are graceful and magnificent. What must be the sensation of sailing about so easily in the heavens? Rising and falling, sailing and gliding—diving down with frightful speed, and yet the whole body is in perfect command.

The osprey plunges into the sea and rises with a fish; how keen the eye that directs such swoops!

AN AERIAL TROLLEY.

Which Takes Passengers Out Over the Breakers at Coney Island.

The novel device shown in the cut is one of the most popular amusements at Coney Island this season. The cable is 825 feet in length and extends from wooden shears on shore to a pair anchored out beyond the line of the breakers.

AN AERIAL TROLLEY.

The shears at the seaward end of the line are inclined outwards at an angle of about 90 degrees, and to help counteract the strain of the cable on them a weight of five tons, consisting of bags of sand upon a platform, is suspended from their highest point.

In rear of the shore end of the line is a building containing the dynamo that supplies the necessary power, and from the cable hangs a 10-horse power motor. Beneath the motor swings the boat in which the passengers sit.

In the regular trip of the trolley the boat is carried just high enough to clear the spray of the breakers, and a pause of a few minutes is made at the outer terminus to give the passengers a view of sea and shore from their unique position.

SOME SMILES.

She (fondly)—Do you care for me as much as ——
He (wildly)—Who? Who?
She (whispering, as she fondly clung to him)—As much as ever?

Hairdresser—Yes; I pride myself on the fact that all the false hair I sell is thoroughly genuine.

He—It makes me a better man every time I kiss you, my darling.
She—Oh, my dear Harold! How good you must be now.

"Dora must have suffered some terrible disappointment. One never sees her smile nowadays. What is the matter?"
"Three front teeth pulled."

"I'm going to give up my place at this here restaurant," said a Broadway waiter, with a look of disgust on his face.
"Why?"
"Why? Why, because they insist on my eating mushrooms before the customers to show them they're not toadstools."

"I don't see how you New York people live with no exercise at all," remarked a countryman to a city friend.
"No exercise!" exclaimed the New Yorker. "Well, you never saw a fellow chasing a Broadway cable car."

"I wonder," said a young Harlem lady, "Why Hymen is always represented as carrying a torch."
To which her bachelor uncle sneeringly responded: "To indicate that he always makes it warm for people who marry."

"What makes you look so worn and weary?"
As if you were quite tired of life?"
"Alas!" he sighed, in accents dreary,
"I've just been shopping with my wife."

MADAGASCAR YIELDS.

THE HOVAS ASK THE FRENCH TO GRANT A TRUCE.

Some Interesting Chat About the Queen of the Hovas.

Victory for the French in Madagascar seems to be almost won, says the New York Press. It was of no avail that the "red flag of war" was waved on the twelve sacred mountains of Imerina, rousing natives to an interest in the defense of their hillsides, covered with grazing cattle, their forests of ebony and rosewood, their fields of wheat and rice and coffee and sugar and tobacco, and their towns rich in stores of silver and gold, dug from native ground. France's armed expedition is advancing on the capital, and both the queen and prime minister have sent a truce to ask for peace. If it is denied, they threaten to destroy the capital, Antananarivo, rather than let it be taken by foreigners. Such a resolution was scarcely expected by the French of a nation and court so infantile and enervated, and so sapped of its native vitality by excesses taught by civilization.

Although all the tribes in the kingdam rallied to the standard of the queen, the Malagasy knew that they could not hope to defend their country. They trusted to the aid of the climate in the disablement of the invaders. Hundreds of the French have indeed had to be "invalided home," but the expedition remains strong enough to effect its purpose of reaching capital and dictating terms.

Prime Minister Rainilaiarivony is a man of high ability for affairs, and he has made a stiff stand with his half-savage troops. His genius for management was exhibited when he married the queen. She was known as Princess Razafindrahety. She had married Prince Ratremo, but he died after a short illness, and rumor had it that death was caused by poison. Within a year or two other members of his family have died under mysterious circumstances. Ranavalo was not entitled to become the head of the state, having, indeed, an elder sister, who should have been elected queen, but the elder sister was put aside by the prime minister. The prime minister had already been the corsort of her predecessor, but married the new queen and retained his power and continued to be, as formerly, de facto the head of the kingdom.

THE DUSKY QUEEN.

Queen Ranavalo is only 34 years old, and, for an African, rather charming. As a queen she is only ridiculous. It is the opera bouffe spectacle of one inefficient grade of civilization affecting the customs and habits of one vastly higher and different.

Her people, the Hovas, are the conquering tribe, living on the high tribeland in the interior, who have welded the numerous tribes of the island into one kingdom. Some of the subject tribes are still savage and suspected of cannibalism; but the Hovas are

RANAVALO III, QUEEN OF MADAGASCAR

with hats and umbrellas, corsets of all makes and petticoats of all shades.

Stockings for Tribute.

The royal stockings, with and without hygienic garters, and drawn over the models such as are used in shop windows, fill several hundred square meters of space. There are trunks full of twenty-four-button gloves, mostly mauve color, and whole regiments of shoes, boots and slippers, from two to three inches shorter and narrower than her Majesty's feet. She has her vanities, you see.

Her chief vanity relates to stockings. One is not only permitted the pleasure of giving a pair of pretty stockings to the Queen, one is compelled to. A recent correspondent of the New York Press wrote that, on being presented to Her Majesty, he had to kneel, touch his forehead in humility to the carpet, and in addition hand to the Chamberlain five francs with which Her Majesty might buy gay woven coverings for all below her knees. Once, years ago, a French sailor brought a pretty pair of stockings to the palace and explained their use in Europe. He asked five francs for them. They were bought—just as a New England farmer's wife buys laces and trinkets from a pack peddler.

Bothered by Kinks in Her Hair.

Of course, one pair did not last the sovereign forever, for at first she went in her "stocking feet," the better to display her new possessions. Consequently a proclamation issued forwith required that thereafter all who opened negotiations of any sort with the government must as a preliminary ceremony deposit five francs "heima" or "stocking money." Nothing relieves a suitor for royal favor of this tax. Her Majesty's income from this source has grown to be sufficient for most of her wants in the matter of dress. "Stocking money" must accompany every petition, every public document. Without it no child may be registered as legitimate; no marriage or divorce papers will be granted.

Anything that is advertised to be capable of producing beauty in woman is eagerly accepted. There is a special officer whose duty it is to keep the royal dressing table supplied with all the complexion wafers, powders, hair oils, wrinkle erasures and tooth powders in the market. It is the chief worry of her life that she can't get the curl out of her hair and wear it in the present plain, bandeau fashion of the French—who, in turn, would consider it a bargain to give their years of secluded maidenhood to acquire the orinkle of Ranavalo's raven tresses.

Her Prime Minister-husband is wily and profound. He has acquired such English tastes as are expressed in the desire for a spirited war horse and a bulldog with a spiked collar. For forty-three years he has slept with one eye open between two attendants armed to the teeth. His life has been attempted dozens of times; twice he came near dying of poison mixed with his food. Still he has weathered a thousand and one storms bravely, and does not look his age, especially to superficial observers, innocent of the workings of hair dye and complexion and anti-wrinkle lotions.

England Jealous of France.

This is the man who has managed to

ANTANANARIVO, THE CAPITAL OF MADAGASCAR.

molding themselves according to the Europeans die. Queen Ranavalo is typical of this period of change.

Her majesty recently commissioned one of the English officers in her service to go to London and bring back examples of the latest London fashions, and the most brilliant diamond necklace that Bond street could supply. She fancies that she stands as high in the world as Queen Victoria, and that she must not allow the German empress to outrival her in the matter of dress or jewelry. She has a running account at Duchet's in Paris, and the upper story of her "silver palace," which is a little better than an open garret, contains many of what the fashion writers call the "creations" of Worth and Felix and Redfern. There, subject to the exigencies of rain and dust, the pleasure of mice and moths, hundreds of state robes and "demi-toilets" are hung, wowed one princess and two queens, although himself of not high berth. It is he who threatens to take the joy out of French victory by burning his capital and take its riches and 100,000 inhabitants away, if they approach. That this large and fertile island, 1,000 miles long and 250 miles wide, dominating the whole eastern seaboard of Africa, and, more or less, England's entire communications with India and Australia should be independent, is of vital importance to England; but France does not intend the Madagascar question, any more than the Newfoundland question, the Siamese question, or the Egyptian question to be settled until it has been fought out. That is what, at this moment, makes the war in Madagascar greater than it would be otherwise.

Striking manners are bad manners.—Robert Hall.

Our Serial Story.

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AN ENEMY'S WORK

BY EBEN E. REXFORD.

CHAPTER X.

The days went by with alternations of hope and fear for those whose friends had come beneath the blighting influences that John Sterne threw over the neighborhood.

Dora Graham came back from her visit in the East some days sooner than she had expected to, and consequently none of her friends were at the depot to meet her. But 'Si Holcomb happened to be there with his rickety old wagon and superannuated horse, and he tendered her a ride "if she wouldn't take it as an impersition."

"Why, no, of course not," she said. "I shall be greatly obliged to you if you'll take me home, Uncle Si. Can you take my trunk, too?"

"Wall, yis, I rayther guess the shay'll hold it up," said Uncle Si. "It's kinder shack'ly fer carryin' much of a load, but I'll venture to try it."

So the trunk was put into the wagon and Dora climbed in after it, laughing a little at her self at the style in which she was coming home.

"Well, how does Waynesford get along?" she asked, when Uncle Si had got his poor old horse in motion and they were fairly started on their ride.

"So-so," answered Uncle 'Si, who hardly felt at ease in the society of such a woman as Dora Graham was. Something about her—some dim perception of the difference of their natures, perhaps, made him feel as if he ought not to get very near her. The contact might do him no harm, but it some way seemed to him as if it would harm her.

"Are there any changes?" she asked. "I've been gone three or four months, you know, and a good deal may happen in that length of time, even in such a quiet neighborhood as this is."

"Wall, no, I dunno as there's been much change to speak on," answered Uncle 'Si. "None that I think on, now, 'thout it's the one in the tavern."

"Has Mr. Briwn sold out?" asked Dora. "He was wishing he could when I went away, I believe."

"Wall, yes, he's sold out," answered Uncle 'Si. "To a man named Sterne. He's made considerable alteration there, an' I guess he's doin' a purty good business."

"I shouldn't suppose he would at this season of the year," said Dora. "There isn't usually much travel during the summer."

"But he ain't dependin' on travel so much as Brown was," said Uncle 'Si. "Sterne sells liquor, you see."

"I am sorry to hear that," said Dora, with a shadow coming over her face. Her thoughts went out to Robert Conway at once, for she know how weak he was. "I hope he doesn't get a large patronage from our neighborhood."

"But he does," said Uncle 'Si. "I was s'prised to see it, but it's a fact that 'most of 'em drop in an' take a nip purty reg'lar, when they're goin' by."

Dora wanted to ask if Robert Conway was one of those who patronized Sterne, but she could not talk about the man whose ring she wore upon her finger with such a man as old 'Si Holcomb.

In some way Uncle 'Si felt that she was thinking of Robert, and he was quite as anxious to know. On the night of the "jolly good time" Rob had said something, while under the influence of liquor, that had roused Uncle 'Si's wrath, and he had made up his mind, then and there, to get even with him if an opportunity to do so presented itself. Now he saw his chance.

"The boys air a good deel wilder than ever thought they'd turn out to be," he said. "You'd be s'prised to know what sprees they git on, now. You would, so. I was, anyway. Why, 'Squire Turner's son, he's been drunk ever so many times, an' so's the doctor, an' twan't morin two weeks ago, if 'twas that, that they had to help Rob Conway home. He was drunk as a fiddler, an' couldn't navigate no more'n that fence-post, there."

Dora's face grew pale. But she made no reply. She sat there with her eyes on the fields of ripening grain thinking, thinking! What she had feared, and dreaded, had come at last. A great black shadow had fallen all at once over the gladness of coming home, and the heart that should have been light was heavy with foreboding.

"There! I rayther guess I got even with you, Rob Conway," chuckled Uncle 'Si, after he had put Dora down at her father's gate as he drove away. "I s'pose it was kinder mean, but she'll hev to find it out some time, an' s'long's I had a grudge agin' him, an' wanted to pay him off, she might as well find it out from me as any one." She'll give him a piece o' her mind when she sees him, but 'twon't be after my old woman's style, though, I reckon. Mebbe now, Dory 'll make a reg'lar teetotlar out o' Rob Conway, but I doubt it. We hain't got the backbone to be one, in the first place, an' he's got the likin' for liquor, an' it'll be too much for him, I sh'd say."

CHAPTER XI.

When Robert came in from work, at noon, Sarah met him at the door.

"I have pleasant news for you," she said.

"What is it?" he asked. "Pleasant news is always welcome."

"Dora has come home."

"That is pleasant news," he said, with a new light coming into his face. Robert Conway loved Dora Graham with all the strength of his nature, and his capabilities for loving were greater than his capabilities for resisting temptation.

After supper he changes his working clothes for clean ones, and the young man who went down the country road in the gathering twilight was one handsome enough for any woman to be proud of.

"Dear Dora," he said softly, as he came in sight of her home. "I hope she hasn't heard of my foolish sprees. I shall have to give up drinking now, for I know what she'll do if I don't. It will be easier to do it for her sake. It's been so lonesome without her that I had to go somewhere once in a while to keep from having the blues, and the only place to go to was Sterne's. It'll be different now."

His foot brushed a bunch of late wild roses growing by the path, and their fragrance rose about him on the damp air of evening. He turned back and gathered them.

"She'll like them," he said.

He saw a white figure in the garden as he neared the house.

"It's Dora," he said. "She's watching for me."

Dora, for the woman in white was her, heard his steps, and knew them, and came to the gate to meet him.

"I am glad to see you again," he said, putting out his arms and drawing her to him with a kiss. "It has seemed a long time, Dora, since you went away. I shall not let you go again if I can help it."

"I am glad to know you missed me, Robert," she said, half shyly, with a flush on her cheek as deep as that in the hearts of the roses he had brought her. The light in her eyes told how glad she was to see him—how much she loved him.

Then, arm in arm, they strolled down the garden path, and what they said to each other for that first hour together I have no right to put down here in these pages. The reader has no right to know.

Before he went away, when they were standing by the gate, Dora put her hand on his arm and said:

"Robert, I heard something about you this morning, something that pained me very much. Can you guess what it was?"

Roberts' face flushed hotly in the moonlight. He knew only too well what she had heard. He had felt, from the first moment of meeting, that Dora knew him.

"Yes, I think I can guess," he said. "I'd like to know who told you?"

"That doesn't matter," she answered. "I want to ask you if it was true?"

"I—I can't say till I know what it was you heard," he answered. "It may not be what I am thinking of, though I am quite sure it is."

"It was—about drinking liquor," she said. "Oh, Robert, have you been drunk?"

"Yes, I have."

Robert could not lie. Humiliating as the confession was, he had to make it.

She said not a word. He felt the hand upon his arm tremble. He saw the eyes that had been upon his face droop, and then hot tears splashed on his hand as he laid it over hers.

"I—I'm very sorry, Dora," he said; and let me do the poor, weak fellow justice to say he was telling her the truth —"I'll try to do better in future, indeed I will. It will be easier with you to help me."

"I will help you all I can, Robert," she said, earnestly. "If my love can keep you in the path of safety, you shall never run into danger. But a woman's love is powerless unless a man's will works with it. The hardest part of the battle you must fight alone."

"I'll fight it, never fear," he said, bravely. "I was afraid you'd have nothing more to do with me when you found out what a fool I'd made of myself. It shan't happen again, Dora, you may depend on that."

"You know what I think of such things," she said. "My father died a drunkard, and my only brother followed in his footsteps. My father drank before he married my mother, and she knew it, but she thought he would leave off the habit after marriage. But he did not. Love after marriage cannot accomplish what love before marriage does not. If you love me, Robert, if you love yourself, don't drink. I must know that you have given up the habit of liquor drinking before I link my future with yours. I can never trust my happiness in your keeping while I know that you tamper with the danger which lurks in the glass. You may think I am selfish in saying this, but I am not. I say it as much for your sake as I do for my own."

"I do not blame you in the least for saying what you have," he said. "I know you say it for my good, and because you love me. I thank you for it. I'll keep away from Sterne's, Dora, and you shall have no reason to complain of my making a fool of myself again. I knew better all the time, but I was careless. The best of us get off our guard sometimes, you know. If any one says anything to you about my drinking, Dora, tell them that's done with—a thing of the past—for Rob Conway's turned over a new leaf."

CHAPTER XII.

I hardly know how to go on with this history of sorrow and shame. I hate to tell how Robert and Philip went down the path whose end is ruin. But having begun, I must go on.

Robert, whose inclinations were never toward life on the farm, about the end of August secured a position as clerk in the principal store in Waynesford. It was a little store in a country neighborhood, but considerable business was done there, and the proprietor gave him encouragement to think that a partnership might be entered into at the end of a year, if matters moved satisfactorily during the term of Robert's clerkship.

Philip, whose tastes were for farm-life, assumed sole charge of the farm.

Summer passed and autumn came. And before the first ripened leaf had fallen on the grave of the dead season, Philip had come home twice under the influence of liquor. Each time he had promised Sarah to be more careful in future, and as often as his promises were made they were broken.

Robert had given way to his appetite for strong drink more than once. It seemed as if he could not go by Sterne's tavern. Some terrible influence drew his feet inside the open door. If he went in resolved not to touch liquor, the resolutions fled when the chance to drink was placed before him.

And to this habit he added another. He had begun to gamble. John Sterne had led him to it, step by step.

"At last he was getting even with old Conway,' he told himself, and with a vengeance, too, for both boys were getting to be drunkards, and one a gambler.

Dora Graham knew of Robert's broken promises, and plead with him as only a woman can plead with the man she loves. He was always ready to give a new promise for the broken one. At last she lost faith in his earnestness, and told him that she could not marry a man whose future was overshadowed by such ominous clouds of coming evil. For a few days after that he kept away from Sterne's. But the craving for liquor was too strong for the weak man to resist, and he yielded to it.

Then she sent him back his ring. "You have chosen," she wrote him, "and you must abide by your choice."

Then Robert understood that the woman he loved was lost to him by his weakness, and in the despondency which came with the realization of his loss, he went to Sterne's and drank "to drown trouble," and for two days he did not leave the place. He could not. He was too drunk all that time to get away. And Sterne took pride in the exhibition of his victim.

"I say, Sterne," cried Robert, one day. "I've got to quit gambling. Thompson's told me if I didn't stop drinking I'd have to leave the store. He don't know what you do about how I spend money here. Luck's always against me. I'm drained completely. My last dollar's gone, and I've taken up my wages as fast as I have earned them. I've got to let cards alone. I wish I could liquor, too."

"I should think you handled enough money to not be hard up," said Sterne significantly.

"Yes, but it isn't mine," said Robert.

"Borrow some of it. You can pay it back, can't you?" asked Sterne, as he filled Robert's glass for him.

"Thompson wouldn't lend me any if I were to ask him for it," said Robert, as he emptied his glass. "He hasn't the confidence in me that he had when I went there. I don't wonder, either."

"You needn't ask him, then," said Sterne. "Take it, and pay when you get ready. He'll be none the wiser."

Robert started on the idea Sterne advanced made itself clear to him.

"But I might not be able to pay it back right away, or something might happen and I get found out, and then—But it's no use talking. I've got to give up gambling. That's the long and short of it."

Sterne smiled.

He knew better than Robert Conway did how strong a hold card playing had gained on him. Like liquor drinking, it was alluring and irresistible to his weak nature.

"Who knows? You might win enough the first night to pay up all you borrowed," said Sterne. "I've known of hundreds of such cases. There's nothing like keeping a stiff upper lip, and trying one's luck. It can't always go against him."

For some time Robert held fast to his determination to have nothing more to do with cards. But at last the temptation got the better of his good resolutions, and he played, and, as usual, lost!

And, in order to pay the debts he contracted at the card-table and at the bar, while under the influence of liquor, he fell so low as to take the advice of his enemy and "borrowed" money of his employer.

He hoped that "luck would change." It seemed to him it must. If it did he would make good the defalcation as soon as possible. He had no intention of taking the money and never returning it. Let me do Robert Conway the justice to say that he was not a thief in the common meaning of the term.

He played heavily, and lost almost invariably. If he chanced to win a few dollars he fancied the "chance in luck" had come, and played more recklessly than ever. Deeper and deeper he went into the valley of disgrace from which he was never to climb up again to the white hills of pure, true manhood.

When he was not at the card table his business worried him constantly. It was not so much the fear of having his appropriation of his employer's money found out, for he had full control of the store during this period, as some business called Mr. Thompson away most of the time, and he was comparatively safe so far as detection was concerned, but to lose so much and not have where the money was coming from to pay it!

It was no wonder that this problem worried him. It would have worried almost any one.

Sometimes he thought of the money he had used with uncomfortable twings of conscience. He knew he had done wrong; he could not blind himself to that fact, however much many men have striven to quiet their conscience with this same specious argument—he was going to replace every cent of the money he had used.

But how?

That perplexing question would persist in coming up to be answered, and he could never answer it satisfactorily. His salary was used up as fast as earned. He had no money from any source. No wonder that he turned pale when he thought of what might possibly happen.

(To Be Continued.)

THE CIRCUS RING.

Wherever You Go the World Over the Diameter is the Same.

In various ways the circus of the present day differs from that of the past, but the ring remains unchanged; it is always 42 feet 9 inches in diameter. Go where you will, search the world from China to Peru, with diverging trips to the frosty Caucasus and the desert of Sahara, and never a circus will you find without a ring 42 feet 9 inches in diameter.

There is a reason for this remarkable uniformity. Circus riders and circus horses are nomadic; wherever their wanderings bring them they must find the ring always the same, else they will be disturbed in their performance. If not really rendered incapable. Trained to the 42 feet 9 inch ring, the horse and his rider have have grown used, worn, one might say, to the exact angle of declivity towards the center of the ring, which the radius of 21 feet and a given speed produces.

The mound on the circumference of the ring always has on the inside a level, so to speak, of earth, at the same angle as that into which radius and speed throw the driver. As for speed, that, after the horse has gone round two or three times and is warmed to his work, is the same through the act. In fact, a strap generally holds his head so that he can not get beyond a certain pace.

The ringmaster snaps his whip, the clown shouts, the band plays louder and louder, but the horse knows just how much this empty show means, and jogs on at the same old pace, until, with a last jump through a tissue balloon, the performance is ended.

The Root of All Evil.

He knocked gently on the door. A woman of sour visage appeared.

"Well, what do you want?"

"Yes' a little money, madam," he replied, juggling his empty tomato can. "I shall give you no money, as it is the root of all evil," she snapped.

"Well, will y' kindly point me out a place where I can dig some o' the root, ma'am, 'cause I'll dig it y' will."

"Here, Carlo, Carlo! sic 'em! Now dig!"

He dug—cut!—Syracuse Post.

Knew His Audience.

Shocked Patron—Why do you allow boys to go through the audience selling candy at your symphony concerts?

Orchestra Leader—Dey sells noddings but big sour balls.

"What of that?"

"Peoples mit dose dings in dere mouths can't talk."—Street & Smith's Good News.

At Their Five O'Clock Tea.

The Daughter of the Revolution—At our last meeting Mrs. Oldfield told how her great-grandmother sacrificed the family plate for the cause.

The Colonial Dame—Yes, I've heard that the Continentals were often hard pushed to find lead for their bullets.—Truth.

The Extent of His Fine.

Judge—You admit hitting this man?
Prisoner, your honor; I struck him.
Judge—Well, suppose we say that you struck him for $10.

Question Bureau.

RULES.—1.—Real name and address must be written with every question. 2.—Only one question at a time. 3.—Don't ask for addresses of persons or of firms, nor where to buy or sell anything, for such answers are free advertising. 4.—Don't ask about the reliability of any person or firm. 5.—We reserve the right to reject any question whose answer would not be of general interest; and will answer no mathematical problems, questions of law, etc. 6.—No answers by mail.

The "Conspiracy" of Bankers.

J. S. C., Salina, Kan., quotes what is said in the last paper of our discussion of "Coin's Financial School"—that if there was a conspiracy by "Wall street" and "Lombard street" to pass the coinage law of 1873, there must be a reason for it, and asked what that reason could be. J. S. C. goes on to say:

"Wall street and Lombard street are money-raising districts. That is, money is sown there—or, to be more correct—loaned out with the expectation it will return with an increase—the larger the better. Out here we are in the wheat district. We sow wheat with the expectation it will return us an increase.

"Now, my dear sir, don't you believe if we farmers could by legislation or any other means, crush out one-half of the wheat production of the world, it would enhance the value of our production greatly?"

Certainly it would. No doubt about that. J. S. C. then goes on:

"It is the same with the non-producer—the money owner and lender. By lessening the quantity of available money—real money, not receipts—he gets more of the world's products in exchange for his money.

"Is this not a good reason why we farmers (if we were that heartless) should desire the other wheat producing sections than our own suppressed, and is it not also a good reason why Wall street and Lombard street should desire one-half of the primary money, other than their own, suppressed, or the increase stopped?"

The first point in reply to which we wish to call our correspondent's attention is, that interest rates are lower now in all the great countries of the world than they were in 1873. It is true in the United States; it is true in Great Britain, in France, in Germany.

Second, the "available money" for loaning is not primary money alone, but credit money as well. The increase or decrease in the volume of primary money does not affect the interest rate. If money is scarce, through a large demand for loans, etc., its volume is increased by the issue of credit money—bank notes—in all countries. If the volume becomes redundant, it ought to be reduced by the redemption of enough of these notes. This plan is followed in England and Europe, but from our defective paper currency system we do not do it as promptly or as largely as there. As a result, idle money seeks investment in other countries and goes out in the shape of gold.

These afford a complete answer to our correspondent, but we must remind him that his illustration is not a parallel case. The wheat grown in one year is nearly or quite all consumed by the next year. Money is not so. It passes from hand to hand, but is not consumed. There has been a vast deal of false reasoning on finance, based on a supposed analogy between the use of money and the use of grain, or iron, or horses, or other perishable or consumable products.

In conclusion, we ask again, what benefit has it been to any banker in the world to have gold made the sole standard? If the bankers corrupted Congress, subsidized the press and misled public men, how did they get back the immense sums it must have cost? The only way for them to make a profit is through increased interest rates, and these are lessened instead of advanced. Let us have a reason.

The Ball Nozzle Problem.

S. C., Brownsville, Pa., has our thanks for the following clear explanation of the ball nozzle problem, printed in The Blade a few weeks ago, which may be thus stated: Why does a ball placed in the cup-shaped nozzle of a pipe persist in staying there, after a stream of water is forced through the pipe?

"Because the weight of the air holds it in (which will be admitted by every one), and the water has no force, except friction, to throw it out, which we propose to prove.

"Place a ball in a cup of water, and, although the air is pressing on the ball, it is easily removed, because, as you raise the ball up, the water goes down, and occupies the space formerly occupied by the ball. Now, if we had a way to keep the water from going down, it would require considerable force, to remove the ball.

"Put a ball in a cup, the bottom of which will exactly fit half of the ball. Put a hole through ball and bottom of cup, and attach the pipe to the same, and force water through. It is evident, that the water has no force on the ball, except through friction.

"Now enlarge the cup, making the escape for the water between the ball and the cup, equal to what it was before through the ball. Now force water through the pipe. Now we have something to keep the water from going back, if force is applied to remove the ball.

"In this case, the water has more friction on the ball, than when it passed through it, but it has no force, except friction.

"Raise a weight, say one foot, with a hydraulic press. It is the column of water, in the cylinder, (or force you have already expended), that holds the weight. Now make a hole in the cylinder, so that the water or force can escape, as fast as pumped in, and then of course, it has no effect on the weight. In like manner, the ball in the cone shaped cup will be forced downward, until escape for water, is equal to supply, and consequently has no effect on the ball.

"Obviously, the result will be the same, if the force is air, steam or gas."

What a "Spinnaker" Is.

O. E. S., Newton, Kan., asks:

"What does the word 'spinnaker' mean? It is a new word, I think, that is used in describing the yacht Defender."

No, spinnaker is not a new word. The spinnaker is a large, jib-shaped sail (that is, triangular in form) carried on the mainmast of a racing vessel, or in fact of any yacht, on the side opposite the mainsail. The foot of the sail is held by a spar called the spinnaker boom.

Some Silver Queries.

E. M. W., Arcadia, Kas.: The only persons who could possibly be benefited by the free coinage of silver at 16 to 1 are the great silver mine owners and speculators, who have loaded up with silver, expecting a great speculative boom in silver bullion if a free coinage law is passed, by which silver which cost them less than 70 cents an ounce will sell for much more. Read the article on the 4th page of this issue of the Weekly Blade, headed "The Silver Ring."

The coinage law of 1873 is very long. It is a complete codification and revision of all laws relating to the mints and assay offices of the United States, and those relating to coinage. It distinctly specified that the gold dollar was to be the unit, and in naming the coins authorized to be minted it omitted the silver dollar. It did not change the legal tender power of any silver dollars then existent.

Mexican Dollars.

E. F. W., Simpson, Minn., writes: "I wish you to explain the nature of the average Mexican's mental machinery. Are they all fools? I don't know much, but if I owned $1,000 in Mexican silver, and a man offered me 500 United States dollars, when he could coin the silver into 1,000 United States dollars, to buy $2,000 Mexican, I should want a little better price; indeed, I should ask enough to leave him mighty little profit. Then it seems to me there would be a rush for any 100 per cent investment, and demand generally increases prices; so when the would-be buyer of Mexican silver returns for his second purchase, he would find the demand had raised the market. So how is it? Are the Mexicans all fools, or are you mistaken, or is it I?"

What we said was, that if the contention of silver men be true, that under free coinage at 16 to 1, the silver dollar would remain equal in value to the gold dollar, it would be possible to make 100 per cent profit by buying Mexican dollars. But the contention is untrue. What would happen would be, that the silver dollar would fall to its bullion value, and be worth a little less than a Mexican dollar.

The Price of Gold.

E. F. W., Simpson, Minn., asks: "Does the English law requiring the Bank of England to pay the equivalent of $18.62 for each ounce of gold presented have any effect on the price of gold?"

Not the slightest. It is a perfectly useless statute. It simply is equivalent to saying that the English sovereign shall contain so many grains of gold of such fineness. Laws fixing prices are always failures.

A Puzzler.

C. H. W., Brooklyn, Mich., asks us this: "Where would a man be at night if he started in the morning and traveled all day on his shadow—that is, traveled toward his head—if he walked 10 miles in the forenoon and 10 in the afternoon? How far from the place of starting, and in what direction? He starts on September 21, when the days and nights are of equal length."

We give it up. It would appear, that he would get back to the starting place, but we are not sure. We print the question to give those fond of puzzles a chance at it.

Old Postage Stamps.

W. A. T., Lima, O., asks: "Have canceled United States postage stamps any value?"

Occasionally we hear of some dealer buying them by the thousand, at a very small price; but we do not know accurately where they find a profit in the transaction. Probably among them they find some of the "variations" which bear a fancy price among collectors.

Unclaimed German Estates.

J. H. W., Golden, Colo., asks: "Can you tell me where or how I can get a list of unclaimed German estates, or estates looking for heirs?"

We can not. We do not believe there is such a list in existence, for the reason that we do not believe there are any "unclaimed estates" in Germany. Don't waste money in paying to swindlers who pretend that there is.

Titles of Wives.

"Waverly" inquires: "Is it correct to say 'Mrs. Dr. Smith,' or 'Mrs. Alderman Jones?' "

If Mrs. Smith is a doctor, it is proper to say "Dr. Smith;" and if Mrs. Jones is an alderman, it is proper to address her by that title. But if you mean that Mrs. Smith is the wife of Dr. Smith, and not a doctor herself, then it is improper to say "Mrs. Dr. Smith," and the same with Mrs. Jones.

The Wheel Problem.

C. E. K., Arthur, Iowa, asks: "Do the top and the bottom of a wheel of a moving vehicle move with the same velocity?"

They do, with reference to the entire wheel; but otherwise they do not. The point of the wheel which rests on the ground is, for an instant, the point on which the vehicle moves forward, and the point opposite, at the top of the wheel, moves faster.

Redring Greenbacks.

R. H. A., Shiloh Hill, Ill., asks: "Why was it better for the business interests of the country to retire the non-interest bearing greenback currency, and replace it with interest-bearing bonds?"

The greenbacks were redundant in volume, and hence were depreciated in value. They were not worth their face in gold, as they should be. There were about $450,000,000 in circulation. If their value fell one cent on the dollar, that meant a loss of $4,500,000 to the people who owned them. The loss from fluctuations in value from 1862 to 1878, when they went to par, aggregated many times their total volume. To bring them to par, a portion were funded into interest-bearing bonds. Since 1878 they have been at par, but it would have been far cheaper to the nation had they never been issued, but bonds sold instead. The interest paid on the bonds would not have been one-tenth the losses the people suffered from their fluctuations.

The Secretary of State.

O. M., Monroe, Mich.: The Secretary of State is the head of the President's cabinet, and is charged with the duties pertaining to correspondence with public ministers and consuls of the United States, with representatives of foreign powers accredited to the United States and conducting negotiations of whatever character relating to our foreign affairs. He is also the medium of correspondence between the President and the chief executive of the several states of the United States; has custody of the great seal and countersigns and affixes such seal to all executive proclamations, to various commissions, and to warrants for pardon, and the extradition of fugitives from justice. He is the custodian of treaties made with foreign states, and of the statutes of the United States. He publishes the laws and resolutions of Congress, amendments to the constitution and proclamations declaring the admission of new states into the Union. He is also charged with certain annual reports to Congress relating to commercial information received from diplomatic and consular officers.

Rare Coins.

W. A. B., Donohue, Mo.: The 25 cent piece of 1805 is worth 50 cents. Read rules above. We cannot give addresses, as it would be free advertising for the coin dealers.

Silver Coinage.

L. O. F., Ames, Kan., asks: "Could a man take any amount of silver to a mint and have it coined or must it be a stated amount?"

No one can take silver to the mint and have it coined. When the mint needs silver for the minor coins, from the half-dollar down, it buys the bullion and coins it. Those wanting these coins must buy them at their face value of the mint.

Miscellaneous.

Artist, Toledo, O.: We regret to say we do not know.

M. D. G., Doland, S. D.: We have not a copy of Reed's speech.

J. W., Buda, Ill.: Sorry we are unable to do so. We copied the article and illustrations from an Eastern paper.

E. H. P., Lone Cedar, W. Va.: We have not a copy of the laws of West Virginia, and hence cannot tell you. Ask some home lawyer or justice of the peace.

L. L. J., Deffner, Fla.: The use of too much salt causes the drinking of too much water, and thins the blood. We know nothing of any system by the name you give.

T. R., Kansas: We have not a copy of the Kansas marriage laws, and hence cannot say. Look at the law and see if it prohibits such a marriage. If it does not, then it is legal.

B. E. H., Rushford, N. Y.: We regret that we are unable to tell how many eclipses of the sun have been visible in the eastern United States for the past 40 years. We have not the record. Write to the Naval Observatory, Washington, D. C.

"UNITED STATES IS" GOES.

Expression Conveys the Idea of a National Entity.

The modern practice of the state department at Washington, says the New York Recorder, has been to give the United States a verb in the singular instead of the plural number, as "the United States is," not "the United States are."

The practice before the civil war was to use the plural form, and Mr. Seward was, I think, the first secretary of state to reverse it. Webster and his predecessors always wrote "are." Mr. Fish, Mr. Evarts, Mr. Blaine and other Republican premiers followed the Seward style. Mr. Olney, in his recent proclamation concerning Cuban neutrality, returns to the old form. Referring to Spain, he wrote: "A power with which the United States are and desire to remain on terms of peace and amity."

When Mr. Seward made the innovation the object was, of course, to give additional emphasis to the fact that the United States, as a political entity, is a nation, and should have a singular verb. Then, for the first time, nation began to be written with a capital "N." The politicians of the states' rights school made vigorous protest, and so did the critics, but the author of the "higher law" doctrine cared nothing about either side. He held the pen that wrote the official dispatches and proclamations, and as there was no way in which his critics could edit them, the Seward grammatical construction had to stay.

Mr. Olney has naturally provoked criticism by the change he has made. The political part of it is merely condemnatory, but, as a rule, the grammarians agree with him. A Western journal, in taking his side of the controversy, says: "One cannot say 'the Southern states is prosperous,' or 'the Pacific states possesses great mineral wealth,' and no more can one say without violating the rules of grammar, 'the United States is'."

The main point of the contention is missed in that criticism. In the case of the New England, Southern or Pacific states the plural form is the correct one, because of themselves they do not possess the attribute of national entity. One division of them claimed it at one time, but the pretension had to be abandoned. However, the United States "is" all right, Olney or no Olney.

There Is Merit

In Hood's Sarsaparilla. I was in bad condition with Sour Stomach, Heart

John R. Lochary, Roxbury, Ohio.

Palpitation, Hot Flashes. Since taking Hood's Sarsaparilla I am as well as ever. I give Hood's Sarsaparilla all the credit. I took no other medicine. JOHN R. LOCHARY, Roxbury, Ohio. Remember,

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures

Hood's Pills are taking the lead. 25c.

RECENT LITERATURE.

Latest Volumes to be Found on The Blade Book Table.

Readers desiring any further information whatever about these volumes will please address the publishers, whose address is given in every case, and not inquire of The Blade. We do not deal in books.

Bunch-Grass Stories by Mrs. Lindon W. Bates is issued by J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia. These are mostly pictures of a frontier life, all traces of which will soon have passed away. They are, however, true to the life they depict. They represent a transition time, but a time in which there was much of possible romance. There are eight of these striking tales and all of them are full of the most intense interest. A long story from the pen of Mrs. Bates with the same ground for its plot will be very welcome.

The Jonses and the Astericks, a story in monologue by Gerold Campbell, is published by The Merriam Company, New York City. It is a sarcasm upon different types of people with which we are all familiar.

An Infatuation by Gyp is published by R. F. Fenno & Company, New York City. This is not a wholesome story and the reading public would be better off without it, though it is told in a sprightly manner. Gyp would do well to turn her talents to better use.

A Galloway Herd by S. R. Crockett is also published by R. F. Fenno & Company, New York. It is somewhat in the vein of The Lilac Sunbonnet—that is to say, it is a love story, yet with a good deal of the quaint rhetoric-al characterizations and presentments of the rugged Galloway types of the reverent Scottish peasant common to the stories in the Stickit Minister.

Dodd, Mead & Company, New York issue The Little Huguenot, by Max Pemberton. It is a story, in which the scenes are laid in the romantic regions of the Forest of Fontainebleau, and it is written with delicate touches of fancy and realism that make it seem fact instead of fiction. The plot is full of interest and the whole effect is charming.

Vision of Thyrza: The Gift of the Hills by Iris, deals with a future in which man will live in harmony with Nature, and yield himself to the guidance of Divine Love. Then war, strife, poverty, misery, disease and death, which are the results of man's self-indulgence, will have passed away, and a new wholesomeness will characterize the life of man. It will be, indeed, The Golden Age. The volume is published by The Arena Company, Boston.

Some of the pamphlet novels which have been recently received are as follows: Utterly Mistaken, by Annie Thomas, published by The Cassell Publishing Co., New York City; Elizabeth's Pretenders, by Hamilton Aide, author of Rita, is published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York; S'orin King, A Story of Want and Wealth, by Mansfield Lovell Hillhouse, published by G. W. Dillingham, New York, and Macurlo, a new edition of an old novel, by Augusta J. Evans, also brought out by Dillingham.

Edith: a Story of Chinatown, by Harry M. Johnson, is brought out by the Arena Publishing company of Boston. It is a well told story of the rescue of a wronged woman from an ingulfous place in Los Angeles. A reporter from the East goes Westward to take a place upon a paper. His first assignment took him to Chinatown. He was to write upon the celebration of the new year in Chinatown. In his saunterings for copy he sees long rows of little stalls where young women exposed themselves for public hire. One of the girls especially attracted his attention. She was No. 97, and she somehow looked out of place in those surroundings. She was very beautiful and the face was sweet, with just a suggestion of sadness and sorrow in the corners of the mouth.

The next day No. 97 has gone, and left no trace of her whereabouts. And her fortunes and the investigations of the reporter from this point belong to the reader of the story, which ends well, but none the less calls attention to the great crime, not only of Chinatown, but of all civilized cities.

A New Departure, by W. K. M., is also from the press of the Arena company. This is a new way of dealing with vexed questions in theology and science. The book gives a set of symbols, by which is shown a new interpretation of the scriptures, throwing light upon various obscure passages therein. The subjects of the origin of evil and the life after death are treated, as are also the phenomena of clairvoyance, somnambulism, and mesmerism. A chapter on the creation includes a new theory of the solar universe,—its central sun, primary and secondary suns, etc.; the cause of solar heat and of sun spots; the genesis of oxygen and the source of electricity. The work also deals with the "six" thousand years of creation and with the prehistoric man on the Western Hemisphere, with other things of interest.

THE RHINOCEROS

And the Toothsome Bergamot Pear He Wanted.

"Ah, if I could only get that pear!"

"Ha!" A happy thought strikes me!"

"Now, how will I get the darned thing off?"

Here and Hereafter.

In Summer he swore at the sweltering heat
And in Winter he cursed at the cold;
But what he will do in the sweet by-and-by
Is a tale that will never be told.

The Reason Why.

Texas Siftings.—Johnny—Papa, why do we say "mother tongue," but never "father tongue?"

Papa (sighing)—Because the mother always uses her tongue more than the father.

THE SERPENT MOUND.

WAS IT A CLOCK FOR THE MOUND BUILDERS

Theodore L. Urban Explains His Theory of Its Purpose.

Mr. Theodore L. Urban, of Columbia, Pa., advances a theory in the New York Herald regarding the famed "serpent mound" in Adams county, O., and the mound builders. Numerous conjectures and theories have been advanced, probable and improbable, as to their origin and mysterious disappearance of that people. Their works of art, it is conceded, indicate a certain degree of intelligence.

This is the limit of modern research. No one has succeeded in removing the veil that has hung like a long night over all pertaining to these people, and causing a revelation of a Champolion nature to confront us, thereby enabling us to read their history. The banks of the Mississippi and its tributaries abound with their works of art in the shape of mounds and earth relevios. The designs are varied and of a colossal nature, indicative of a vast population and a long sojourn in the lands.

We will now consider that earth born monster, familiarly known as "Serpent Mound." Nearly half a century ago this antiquity was discovered by Squier and Davis. Those high in authority in the science of archaeology hold that "it was an object of worship." This assertion can only be accepted as a gratuitous hypothesis, as it is unsupported by a single fact and not fortified by any evidence whatever. I am compelled to run counter to these erudite minds by saying it never figured in any such capacity. A description of the subject in question I deem necessary. I therefore quote the language of the discoverers:

"It is in the form of a serpent upward of one thousand feet in length, extending in graceful curves, and terminating in a triple coil at the tail. The embankment constituting this figure is more than five feet high, with a base of thirty feet at the centre of the body, diminishing somewhat toward the head and tail. The neck of the figure is stretched out and slightly curved. The mouth is wide open, and seems in the act of swallowing or ejecting an oval figure, which rests party within the distended jaws. This oval is formed by an embankment four feet high, and is perfectly regular in outline, its transverse and conjugate diameters being respectively one hundred and sixty and eighty feet."

Changes Wrought by Time.

It is now supposable that the dimensions relative to height and width correspond with its original construction. Nor is it safe to infer that its contour is identically the same. When first discovered giant forest trees grew upon its colossal form. After being denuded of these the plough played its part in the work of transformation. To-day it is robed in a mantle of sod, and we have the assurance and guarantee of its perpetual preservation. For this meritorious act the world is indebted to Miss Alice C. Fletcher and a few of her friends.

I now call your attention to the mound's geographical location, situated on a high eminence overlooking

THE SERPENT MOUND.
Serpent Mound Par k, Adams County, Ohio.

Brush Creek, a spot upon which the rays of the sun, from the rising to the going down of the same, are conspicuous. Recent research has disclosed the fact that the constructors levelled off the earth and carefully planed and outlined it upon a smooth surface—an operation highly necessary, as the pre-Columbian Archimedes who so carefully planed and outlined it was cognizant that he must divide his circle into three hundred and sixty degrees and remove the inequalities in the land in the shape of depressions and elevations, as they would materially interfere with his geometrical calculations.

To Measure Time.

Has the reader anticipated me? Yes, a horologue by which these supposed "unlettered people" computed time. This ingenious device antedates the famous dial of Ahaz, upon which the miracle was performed of the shadow going back ten degrees. The modus operandi of this gigantic timepiece from a mathematical standpoint conclusively and incontrovertibly proves an intelligence of a high order, of which the modern scholar might feel proud.

ROUNDING UP DEBTORS.

Puritanical Laws Catch Them in Boston.

"Just wait till I catch him in Boston. Then I'll make him come to the center," remarked an angry man the other day while roasting a theatrical manager who owed him a few hundred dollars for services rendered. I told him that I supposed he would clap the debtor into the Charles st. jail. "That's just what I will do if I ever catch him there, you bet." And then the mad actor explained how easy it was to get even with people of that sort in the Hub. No matter what the debt, nor where or how it was contracted, all one has to do is to enter a complaint and that settles it. If one who owes is averse to notoriety, he'll hardly take the poor debtor's oath, which releases him for a certain number of years, but does not wipe out his obligations, but will linger in the bastile until he can interest his friends or realize on his collateral and settle. I know several New Yorkers who have run against creditors in the bean burg, and have suffered. Some joke about their incarceration and the questions put to them during the process of administering the poor debtor's oath, but most all agree that the Boston law is a puritanical provision that should be materially amended. Bostonians who are dodging processes servers are agitating a change that will permit them to pay up on the instalment plan, instead of being forced to cash in the full amount or remain a guest of the Charles st. hotel. If such a law was on the New York statute books and was enforced here—well, the Tombs or some other prison would be holding hundreds who now look as if they owned the town instead of merely owning the townspeople.—New York Cor. Pittsburg Dispatch.

—A good appetite and refreshing sleep are essential to health of mind and body, and these are given by Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Her Boy Was Neat.

The number of people in the world who are economical at the expense of others is immense. The ability to do this was somewhat picturesquely illustrated in a case in which two mothers were discussing their little boys.

"Oh, dear!" said Mrs. Brown, "my Willy is so dirty and destructive! All his clothes are spoiled right away."

"Oh, that's too bad," said Mrs. Green, "My little Johnny, now, is so neat and saving. Why, rather than soil his clean handkerchief he always borrows one from one of the other boys!"—Youth's Companion.

Ready for the Test.

"I love you passionately, Maud—be mine."

"I cannot, Gerald. I always said I would marry a brunette, and you are a pronounced blonde."

"That will enable me to prove what I have so often told you. I will dye for your sake."—Harper's Bazar.

Celery.

Sixty thousand acres of land are devoted to celery growing in the United States.

IF THE BILL WAS GENUINE.

But the Denomination Made the Bishop a Little Doubtful.

Recently a bishop of the Methodist Episcopal church returned from a tour of the South and made his headquarters at one of the big hotels up-town, says the New York Tribune. To those who called upon him at the hotel, he told a funny story about his experience among the negroes of the South. He went down with a party to one of the fashionable winter resorts along the coast. One Sunday he was told of a service that was to be held at a colored Methodist church several miles inland. It was suggested that the party attend these services, and accordingly carriages were ordered and the drive was made. The rest of the story is best told in his own language. He said:

"When we arrived at the church we found that it was to be a sort of special service to raise money to pay off a church debt. They had recently erected a new church and it was only partly paid for. The local bishop had been summoned and a great effort was made to get the money. When we had taken our seats a colored brother came around and asked us if we would not go to the front, but we declined.

"In the course of his remarks the bishop dwelt upon the good work that had been done in the name of the Redeemer, and called upon every one present to contribute something toward paying off the great debt that the church had assumed in building a new house of worship. He said that the debt was $142.35, and that it must be met. His eloquent plea reached our hearts and we made up a little purse among ourselves and raised $100. The money was handed to me, and I, when the plate was passed around, laid a crisp hundred-dollar bill on the plate.

"While the money was being counted a song service was held. It was plainly evident to us that something unusual was going on and there was a subdued air of excitement among those counting the money. Finally the bishop stepped to the front and raised his hand. The music ceased at once. He began to speak very gravely, and imagine our astonishment when he said:

"Brethren: We have met with remarkable success in our efforts today. We have received enough money to pay off the debt, and a surplus of $14.12—that is, providin' th' bill which the gentleman from the North gave us is genuine.' "

THE CRAFTY MAN AND CABBY.

Right Kind of a Moral Lesson Inculcated.

He balanced himself on the rail of a Broadway car and looked with an air of triumph at the red faced driver of a hansom cab half a block behind.

"Your cab system over here is ridiculous," he said to the conductor.

"Yes," said the man in brass buttons, raking in his fare.

"I don't mind," said the passenger, paying so much to go a mile. Say, 50 cents. But when you have to pay the same price, no matter whether you go half a mile or four, it makes me tired. I hired that fellow back there to take me to the Casino. He jogged along like a truck. It seemed to me that I was never going to get anywhere. So I jumped out and asked him how much I owed him. He told me a dollar. One hour. I took out my watch and found that it was just thirty minutes since he started.

"All right," said I, "see that you give me one hour."

Then I made him wait there for the rest of the hour, while I stood over him with a watch. I paid him his money then and told him to skip. After that I jumped on your car, and here I am getting to my destination in half the time and for only 5 cents."

"Casino," said the conductor, and the crafty man hurried from the platform.

Marital Repartee.

Fun.—Her Husband—How fond you are of millinery, dear. I wish I were a hat or a bonnet.

His Wife—I wish you were. I could change you for another when I got tired of you.

And She Jumped.

Pick-Me-Up.—(She was standing on the shore. She and her bathing costume were delightful to behold.) "You might as well jump in, dear; everybody has seen you by now!" said her loving girl friend.

Good Definition.

English Tourist—The landlord tells me, my dear, that no one is allowed up this part of the mountain without a special permit signed by the police.

His Spouse—Indeed, John; I suppose that's what they call a mountain pass.

Any Girl Would Answer Yes.

A correspondence is taking place in a Birmingham paper on the subject: "Are courting days a girl's best days?"—Pittsburg Dispatch.

PROOF IS POSITIVE

THAT LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND

Is Daily Curing Backache, Dizziness, Faintness, Irregularity, and all Female Complaints.

[SPECIAL TO OUR LADY READERS.]

Intelligent women no longer doubt the value of *Lydia E. Pinkham's* Vegetable Compound. It speedily relieves irregularity, suppressed or painful menstruations, weakness of the stomach, indigestion, bloating, leucorrhœa, womb trouble, flooding, nervous prostration, headache, general debility, etc. Symptoms of

Yours for Health
Lydia E. Pinkham

Womb Troubles

are dizziness, faintness, extreme lassitude, "don't care," and "want to be left alone" feelings, excitability, irritability, nervousness, sleeplessness, flatulency, melancholy, or the "blues," and backache. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound will correct all this trouble as sure as the sun shines. That

Bearing-Down Feeling,

causing pain, weight, and backache, is instantly relieved and permanently cured by its use. Under all circumstances it acts in perfect harmony with the laws that govern the female system, is as harmless as water. It is wonderful for *Kidney Complaints* in either sex.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Liver Pills

work in unison with the Compound, and are a sure cure for constipation and sick-headache. Mrs. Pinkham's Sanative Wash is frequently found of great value for local application. Correspondence is freely solicited by the Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass., and the strictest confidence assured. All druggists sell the Pinkham remedies. The Vegetable Compound in three forms,—Liquid, Pills, and Lozenges.

A SHIP THAT IS COMING.

LIVING ON HOPE.

Somewhere, out on the blue seas sailing
Where the winds dance and spin;
Beyond the reach of my eager hailing,
Over the breakers' din;
Out where the dark storm clouds are lifting,
Out where the blinding fog is drifting,
Out where the treacherous sand is shifting,
My ship is coming in.

Oh, I have watched till my eyes were aching,

"OH, I HAVE WATCHED TILL MY EYES WERE ACHING."

Day after weary day;
Oh, I have hoped till my heart was breaking,
While the long nights ebbed away;
Could I but know where the waves had tossed her,
Could I but know what storms had crossed her,
Could I but know where the wind had lost her,
Out in the twilight gray!

But, though the storms her course have altered,
Surely the port she'll win;
Never my faith in my ship has faltered,
I know she's coming in,
For through the restless ways of her roaming,
Through the mad rush of the wild waves foaming,
Through the white crest of the billows foaming,
My ship is coming in.

Breasting the tides where the gulls are flying,
Swiftly she's coming in;
Shallows, and deeps, and rocks defying,
Bravely she's coming in.
Precious the love she will bring to bless me,
Snowy the arms she will bring to caress me,
In the proud purple of kings she will dress me,
My ship that is coming in.

While in the sunshine her sails will be gleaming,
See, where my ship comes in.
At masthead and peak her colors are streaming,
Proudly she's sailing in;
Love, hope and joy on her decks are cheering,
Music will welcome her glad appearing,
And my heart will sing at her stately nearing,
When my ship comes in.

—Robert J. Burdette

NOT SO VERY POOR.

Man From New Zealand Had Nine Thousand Dollars in a Vest.

Over two weeks ago W. B. Nicholson, of New Zealand, arrived here on the steamer Mariposa and put up at the American Exchange hotel. He was so roughly dressed and so unique in appearance, with a queer bunch of whiskers on his chin, that he seemed a walking advertisement for hard luck. He had arrived in the steerage, and he took one of the very cheapest rooms in the house. Under these circumstances Manager Wiseman was inclined to keep a wary eye on him. At the end of three days Mr. Wiesman broached the matter of settling his bill.

The queer guest said he would pay the bill in the next day or two. He did not, however, and he was spoken to again about it. Still there was a hitch, but finally the New Zealander said he would go up stairs and get the money. After a while he came down with it and paid the bill.

Then he explained that the reason why he hadn't paid it before was that he had all his money sewed up in his vest. On investigation it was shown that he had a surprising amount. There was no less than $5,000 in bills and English sovereigns, mostly the latter, besides $4,000 in drafts. The sovereigns weighed the vest down till it was so heavy as the owner, and all an able-bodied man could carry. They were skillfully and stoutly sewed in from the bottom up, so that all around his sides and front was money, and the back part of the vest had to be strengthened with leather straps to keep the garment from being pulled to pieces. This queer contrivance looked with coin, bills and drafts, the man with the billy-goat whiskers had been lugging with him wherever he traveled. There were fears at times that he would be robbed, but Nicholson has always insisted that he could take care of himself.

A few days ago, after returning from a warm walk down town with his load of cash, he threw off his vest in his room and put on another one to cool off. He finally stepped down stairs, leaving the door open.

He sat at a desk for a long time, forgetting about his cash. Suddenly he recalled it. His face assumed an ashen hue, and he vanished up stairs like a streak of light. His precious vest was there, though, hanging on a chair. He grabbed it and put it on, and since then has worn it constantly.

Nicholson came over to invest his money, but did not find anything to suit him so the last he heard of him he was in Australia. He sailed on the Mariposa, the same steamer on which he came.—San Francisco Examiner.

BRILLIANTS.

Talent is a cistern; genius, a fountain.—Whipple.

Hypocrites do the devil's drudgery.—Mathew Henry.

Necessity reforms the poor, and satiety the rich.—Tacitus.

I love prudence very little if it is not moral.—Joubert.

No peace was ever won from fate by subterfuge.—Ruskin.

Wisdom and goodness to the vile seem vile.—Shakespeare.

Reckon any matter of trial to thee among thy gains.—T. Adam.

One of the poets—which is it?—speaks of an everlasting now.—Southey.

Music washes away from the soul the dust of every-day life.—Auerbach.

What destiny sends, bear! Whoever perseveres will be crowned.—Herder.

The unaffected of every country nearly resemble each other.—Goldsmith.

We can do more good by being good than in any other way.—Rowland Hill.

As the flower is before the fruit, so is faith before good works.—Whately.

An honest man is able to speak for himself, when a knave is not.—Shakespeare.

Give me health and a day, and I will make ridiculous the pomp of emperors.—Emerson.

The best way to make our poverty respectable is to seem never to feel it as an evil.—Bovee.

Words are but lackeys to sense, and will dance attendance without wages or compulsion.—Swift.

He is armed without that is innocent within; be this my screen and this thy wall of brass.—Horace.

Be not familiar with the idea of wrong, for sin in fancy mothers many an ugly act.—Theodore Parker.

As "unkindness has no remedy at law," let its avoidance be with you a point of honor.—Hosea Ballou.

It is not the many oaths that make the truth, but the plain single vow, that is vowed true.—Shakespeare.

Missouri is Booming.

Certain Missouri towns and counties are arranging to send a trainload of the state products to each of the principal sections of the country. This suggests the fact that while Missouri has many resources and is, in fact, one of the most prosperous of the states, little has been done to exploit it. The failure of the last legislature to provide for an immigration bureau is regretted by the citizens generally.—New York Tribune.

As She Viewed It.

Doctor—I would advise you, dear madam, to take frequent baths, plenty of fresh air, and dress in cool gowns.

Husband (an hour later)—What did the doctor say?

Wife—He said I ought to go to a watering place and afterward to the mountains, and to get some new light gowns at once.—Fliegende Blaetter.

They Must Exercise.

Wiggins—But don't you believe in the modern athletic girl, Mrs. Homespun.

Old Mrs. Homespun—Waal, as the gals hain't got any housework or nothin' to do now-a-days, I reckon they've got to exercise some way or other!

The Farmstead.

INFORMATION WANTED.

Budding and Grafting.

C. H. S., Missouri:—Budding may be done successfully from July to September inclusive, from trees of vigorous growth. The buds should be fully developed and the bud must be perfect. The buds are cut smoothly off and a very little of the wood should be taken with them. In budding the peach the terminal bud is the best. To bud, make a cut in the stock in the shape of a T, lift the bark and slip the bud under it. Then tie the tree, leaving only the bud exposed. Bass wood bark makes a good bandage, or cloth will answer, cut in strips and wrapped. If in two weeks the bud begins to swell, it has taken, and the bandage may be removed. If it has not taken the operation may be tried again the same season or the next spring. There are different methods of grafting—cleft, side, splice or whip, saddle, root and approach. Cleft grafting is generally practiced on stocks of from one to two inches in diameter, and is done as follows: Carefully saw off the head of the stock where the limb is free from knots, and pare the end smooth. Then with a thin knife split down the stock to the depth of about two inches through the center, and insert a chisel to keep it open for the reception of the scion, which must be prepared in the form of a wedge with one or two buds in the upper part and inserted carefully so that the inner bark of the scion and of the stock may exactly meet. Large stocks require two scions one on each side and sometimes four are inserted. When done, tie them firmly together and cover the grafted part with grafting clay or wax. Grafting clay is made by mixing one-third clear fresh horse dung with two-thirds clay and a little hair. Grafting wax is made of tallow, beeswax and rosin in equal parts. Side grafting is done on the side of a tree where there is no limb. To graft, cut the scion sloping; make a crescent in the side of the tree on the top of a perpendicular slit. The bark of the scion above the crescent must be pared down slanting to the wood and the bark raised, as in budding. Insert the scion, bind it fast, and cover with clay. Splice grafting is practiced on small stocks and it succeeds best when the scion and stock are of equal size. The scion should consist of young wood of the former year's growth, cut to the length of about four inches. This and the stock are to be cut sloping for an inch or more, and tongued, that is, cut a slit in the middle of the slope of the stock downward and also a corresponding slit in the scion upward. Both are now to be joined so that one of the sides, if not both, shall meet perfectly. Wrap and apply grafting wax. As soon as the scion and stock are united remove the wrapping. Side grafting is done by preparing the upper part of the stock in the shape of a wedge by two sloping cuts, one on each side. The scion is prepared by slitting it upward and paring out the middle part on each side to a point. When the stock and scion are of equal size the adjustment may be made perfect, but if unequal one side must exactly meet. Wrap and cover with composition or clay. Root grafting is frequently performed on grape vines. Just below the level of the surface, by the usual mode of cleft grafting. In grafting by approach the trees or shrubs to be grafted must be growing near to those that are to furnish the grafts. The limbs or branches of each tree which are thus to be united, must be pared with a long, sloping cut of several inches nearly to the center and the arts of each tree thus prepared are to be brought together and finally secured by a bandage so that the bark will meet as nearly as possible. Cover with grafting wax or clay, and when the union has taken place the trees or shrubs may be separated with a sharp knife.

Cow Gives Stringy Milk.

J. J. F., Kansas:—Ropy or stringy mil

Talmage's Sermon.

STRIKING LESSON FOR MEN AND WOMEN TO-DAY.

"And There Were Also With Him Other Little Ships, and There Arose a Great Storm."—Mark 14:36-37.

New York, Sept. 23.—In his sermon yesterday Rev. Dr. Talmage discoursed on a dramatic incident during the Saviour's life among the Galilean fishermen, and drew from it a striking lesson for the men and women of the present day. The subject was, "Rough Sailing," and the text, Mark iv. 36, 37: "And there were also with him other little ships, and there arose a great storm of wind."

Tiberias, Galilee and Gennesaret were three names for the same lake. It lay in a scene of great luxuriance. The surrounding hills, high, terraced, sloping, gorged, were so many hanging gardens of beauty. The streams rumbled down through rocks of gray and red limestone, and flashing from the hillside, bounded to the sea. In the time of our Lord the valleys, headlands and ridges were covered thickly with vegetation, and, so great was the variety of climate, that the palm tree of the torrid and the walnut tree of the rigorous climate were only a little way apart. Men in vineyards and other gardens were gathering up the riches for the oil press. The hills and valleys were starred and crimsoned with flowers, from which Christ took his text, and the disciples learned lessons of patience and trust. It seemed as if God had dashed a wave of beauty on all the scene until it hung dripping from the rocks, the hills, the oleanders. On the back of the Lebanon range the glory of the earthly scene was carried up as if to set it in range with the hills of heaven.

No other gem ever had so exquisite a setting as beautiful Gennesaret. The waters were clear and sweet, and thickly inhabited, tempting innumerable nets and affording a livelihood for great populations. Bethesda, Chorazin, and Capernaum stood on the bank, roaring with wheels of traffic and flashing with splendid equipages and shooting their vessels across the lake, bringing merchandise to Damascus, and passing great cargoes of wealthy product. Pleasure boats of Roman gentlemen, and fishing smacks of the country people who had come down to cast a net there, passed each other with nod and shout and welcome, or side by side swung idly at the mooring. Palace and luxuriant bath and vineyard, tower and shady arbor, looked off upon the calm sweet scene as the evening shadows began to drop, and Hermon, with its head covered with perpetual snow, in the glow of the setting sun looked like a white-bearded prophet ready to ascend in a chariot of fire. I think we shall have a quiet night! Not a leaf winks in the air, or a ripple disturbs the surface of Gennesaret. The shadows of the great headlands stalk clear across the water. The voices of evening-tide, how drowsily they strike the ear—the splash of the boatman's oar, and the thumping of the captured fish on the boat's bottom, and these indescribable sounds which fill the air at nightfall.

You hasten up the beach of the lake a little way, and there you find an excitement as of an embarkation. A flotilla is pushing out from the western shore of the lake—not a squadron with deadly armament; not a clipper to ply with valuable merchandise; not pirate vessels with grappling hook, to hug to death whatever they could seize, but a flotilla laden with messengers of light, and mercy, and peace. Jesus is in the front ship, his friends and admirers are in the small boats following after. Christ, by the rocking of the boat and the fatigues of the preaching exercises of the day, is induced to slumber, and I see him in the stern of the boat, with a pillow perhaps extemporized out of a fisherman's coat, sound asleep. The breezes of the lake run their fingers through the locks of the worn-out sleeper, and on its surface there riseth and falleth the light ship, like a child on the bosom of its sleeping mother. Calm night. Starry night. Beautiful night. Run up all the sails and ply all the oars, and let the boats—the big boat and the smaller boats—go gliding over gentle Gennesaret.

The sailors prophesy a change in the weather. Clouds begin to travel up the sky and congregate. After a while, even the passengers hear the moan of the storm, which comes on with rapid strides, and with all the terrors of hurricane and darkness. The boat, caught in the sudden fury, trembles like a deer at bay, amid the wild clangor of the hounds. Great patches of foam are flung through the air. The loosened sails flapping in the wind, crack like pistols. The small boats poised on the white cliff of the driven sea tremble like ocean petrels, and then plunge into the trough with terrific swoop until a wave strikes them with thunder crack, and overboard go the cordage, the tackling, and the masts, and the drenched disciples rush into the stern of the boat, and shout amid the hurricane: "Master, carest thou not that we perish?" That personage lifted his head from the fisherman's coat and walked out to the prow of the vessel, and looked upon the storm. On all sides were the small boats missing in helplessness, and from them came the cries of drowning men. By the flash of lightning I see the calmness of the uncovered brow of Jesus, and the spray of the sea dripping from his beard. He has two words of command—one for the wind, the other for the sea. He looks into the tempestuous heavens, and he cries, "Peace!" and then he looks down into the infuriated waters, and he says, "Be still!" The thunders beat a retreat. The waves fall flat on their faces. The extinguished stars rekindle their torches. The foam melts. The storm is dead. And while the crew are untangling the cordage and the cables, and bailing out the water from the hold of the ship, the disciples stand wonderstruck, now gazing into the calm sea, now gazing into the calm face of Jesus, and whispering one to another: "What manner of man is this, that even the winds and the sea obey him?"

I learn, first, from this subject that when you are going to take a voyage of any kind you ought to have Christ in the ship. The fact is, that those boats would all have gone to the bottom if Christ had not been there. Now, you are about to voyage cut into some new enterprise—into some new business relation; you are going to plan some great matter of profit. I hope it is so. If you are content to go along in the treadmill course and plan nothing new, you are not fulfilling your mission. What you can do by the utmost tension of body, mind, and soul, that you are bound to do. You have no right to be colonel of a regiment if God calls you to command an army. You have no right to be stoker in a steamer if God commands you to be admiral of the navy. You have no right to engineer a ferry-boat from river bank to river bank if God commands you to engineer a Cunarder from New York to Liverpool. But whatever enterprise you undertake, and upon whatever voyage you start, be sure to take Christ in the ship. Here are men largely prospered. The seed of a small enterprise grew into a accumulated and overshadowing success.

Their cup of prosperity is running over. Every day sees a commercial or a mechanical triumph. Yet they are not puffed up. They acknowledge the God who grows the harvests, and gives them all their prosperity. When disaster comes that destroys others, they are only helped into higher experiences. The coldest winds that ever blew down from snow-capped Herman and tossed Gennesaret into foam and agony could not hurt them. Let the winds blow until they crack their cheeks; let the breakers boom—all is well. Christ is in the ship. Here are other men, the prey of uncertainties. When they succeed, they strut through the world in great vanity, and wipe their feet on the sensitiveness of others. Disaster comes, and they are utterly down. They are good sailors on a fair day, when the sky is clear and the sea is smooth; but they cannot outride a storm. After awhile the packet is tossed on beam's end, and is seems as if she must go down with all the cargo. Push out from the shore with lifeboat, longboat, shallop, and pinnace. You can not save the crew. The storm twists off the masts. The sea rises up to take down the vessel. Down she goes. No Christ is in that ship.

I speak to young people whose voyage in life will be a mingling of sunshine and darkness, of Arctic blast and of tropical tornado. You will have many a long, bright day of prosperity. The skies clear, the sea smooth. The crew exhilarant. The boat staunch will bound merrily over the billows. Crowd on all the canvas. Heigh, ho! Land ahead! But suppose that sickness puts its bitter cup to your lips; suppose that death overshadows your heart suppose misfortune, with some quick turn of the wheel hurls you backward; suppose that the wave of trial strikes you athwart ships and bowsprit shivered, and hallards swept into the sea, and gangway crowded with piratical disasters, and the wave beneath, and the sky above, and the darkness around, are filled with the clamor of the voices of destruction. Oh! then you will want Christ in the ship.

I learn in the next place that people who follow Christ must not always expect smooth sailing. When these disciples got into the small boats they said: "What a delightful thing this is. Who would not be a follower of Christ when he can ride in one of these small boats after the ship in which Jesus is sailing?" But when the storm came down these disciples found out that following Jesus did not always make smooth sailing. So you have found out and so I have found out. If there are any people who you would think ought to have a good time in getting out of this world, the apostles of Jesus Christ ought to have been the men. Have you ever noticed how they got out of the world? St. James lost his head. St. Philip was hung to death against a pillar. St. Matthew was struck to death by a halberd. St. Mark was dragged to death through the streets. St. James the Less has his brains dashed out with a fuller's club. St. Matthias was stoned to death. St. Thomas was struck through with a spear. John Hess in the fire, the Albigenses, the Waldneses, the Scotch Covenanters—did they always find smooth sailing? Why go so far? There is a young man in a store in New York who has a hard time to maintain his Christian character. All the clerks laugh at him, the employers in that store laugh at him; and when he loses his patience they say: "You are a pretty Christian." Not so easy is it for that young man to follow Christ. If the Lord did not help him hour by hour he would fall. There are scores of young men to-day who would be willing to testify that in following Christ one does not always find smooth sailing. There is a Christian girl. In her home they do not like Christ. She has hard work to get a silent place in which to say her prayers. Father opposed to religion. Mother opposed to religion. Brothers and sisters opposed to religion. The Christian girl does not always find it smooth sailing when she tries to follow Jesus. But be of good heart. As seafarers, when winds are dead ahead, by setting the ship on the starboard tack and bracing the yards, make the winds that oppose the course propel it forward, so by opposing troubles, through Christ, veering around the bowsprit of faith, will waft you to heaven, when, if the winds had been abaft, they might have rocked and sung you to sleep, and while dreaming of the destined port of heaven, you could not have heard the cry of warning and would have gone crashing into the breakers.

Again, my subject teaches me that good people sometimes get very much frightened. From the tone and manner of these disciples as they rushed into the stern of the vessel and woke Christ up, you know that they are fearfully scared. And so it is now that you often find good people wildly agitated. "Oh!" says some Christian man, "the infidel magazines, the infidel newspapers, the spiritualistic societies, the importation of so many foreign errors, the church of God is going to be lost, the ship is going to founder!" The ship is going down!" What are you frightened about? An old lion goes into his cavern to take a sleep, and he lies down until his shaggy mane covers his paws. Meanwhile the spiders outside begin to spin webs over the mouth of his cavern, and say: "That lion cannot break out through this web." and they keep on spinning the gossamer threads until they get the mouth of the cavern covered over. "Now," they say, "the lion's done, the lion's done." After a while the lion awakes and shakes himself, and he walks out from the cavern, never knowing there were any spiders' webs, and with his voice he shakes the mountain. Let the infidels and the skeptics of this day go on spinning their webs, spinning their infidel gossamer theories, spinning them all over the place where Christ seems to be sleeping. They say: "Christ can never again come out; the work is done; he can never get through this logical web we have been spinning." The day will come when the lion of Judah's tribe will rouse himself and come forth and shake mightily the nations. What then am all your gossamer threads? What is a spider's web to an aroused lion? Do not fret, then, about the world's going backward. It is going forward.

You stand on the banks of the sea when the tide is rising. The almanac says the tide is rising, but the wave comes up to a certain point, and then it recedes. "Why," you say, "the tide is going back. No, it is not. The next wave comes up a little higher, and it goes back. Again you say the tide is going out. And next time the wave comes to a higher point. Notwithstanding all these recessions, at last all the shipping of the world knows it is high tide. So it is with the cause of Christ in the world. One year it comes up to one point, and we are greatly encouraged. Then it seems to go back next year. We say the tide is going out. Next year it comes to a higher point and falls back, and next year it comes to a still higher point and falls back; but all the time it is advancing, until it shall be full tide, "and the earth shall be full of the knowledge of God as the waters fill the sea."

Again, I learn from this subject that Christ is God and man in the same person. I go into the back part of that boat and I look on Christ's sleeping face, and see in that face the story of sorrow and weariness, and a deeper shadow comes over his face, and I think he must be dreaming of the cross that is to come. As I stand on the back part of the boat looking on his face, I say: "He is a man! He is a man!" But when I see him come to the prow of the boat, and the sea kneels in his presence, and the winds fold their wings at his command, I say: "He is God! He is God!" The hand that set up the starry pillars of the universe wiping away the tears of an orphan! When I want pity and sympathy, I go into the back part of this boat, and I look at him, and I say: "Oh, Lord Jesus, thou weary One, thou suffering One, have mercy on me." "Ecce homo!" Behold the man! But when I want courage for the conflict of life, when I want some one to beat down my enemies, when I want faith for the great future, then I come to the front of the boat, and I see Christ standing there in all his omnipotence, and I say: "Oh, Christ, thou who couldst hush the storm, can hush all my sorrows, all my temptations, all my fears." "Ecce Deus!" Behold the God!

I learn also from this subject that Christ can hush the tempest. Some of you, my hearers, have very long load of troubles. Some of you have wept until you can weep no more. Perhaps God took the sweetest child out of your house—the one that asked the most curious questions—the one that hung around you with greatest fondness. The grave-digger's spade cut down through your bleeding heart. Or perhaps it was the only one that you had, and your soul has ever since been like a desolated castle, where the birds of the night hoot amid the falling towers and along the crumbling stairway Or perhaps it was an aged mother that was carried away. You used to send for her when you had any kind of trouble. She was in your home to welcome your children into life, and when they died she was there to pity you.

You know that the old hand will never do any more kindness for you, and the look of white hair that you keep so well in the casket of the locket does not look so well as it did on the day when she moved it back from the wrinkled forehead under the old-fashioned bonnet in the church in the country. Or perhaps your property is gone. You said: "There, I have so much in bank stock, so much I have in houses, so much I have in lands, so much I have in securities." Suddenly it is all gone. Alas! for the man who once had plenty of money but who has hardly enough now for the morning marketing. No storm ever swept over Gennesaret like that which has gone trampling its thunders over your quaking soul. But you awoke Christ in the back part of the ship, crying, "Master, carest thou not that I perish?" and Christ rose up and quieted you. Jesus hushing the tempest.

There is one storm into which we must all run. When a man lets go this life to take hold of the next, I do not care how much grace he has, he will want it all. What is that out yonder? That is the dying Christian rocked on the surges of death. Winds that have wrecked magnificent flotillas of pomp and worldly power came down on the Christian soul. All the spirits of darkness seem to be let loose, for it is their last chance. The wailing of kindred seems to mingle with the swirl of the waters, and the scream of the wind, and the thunder of the sky. Deep to deep, billow to billow; yet no tremor, no gloom, no terror, no sighing for the dying Christian. The fact is that from the back part of the boat a voice sings out: "When thou passeth through the waters, I will be with thee." By the flash of the storm the dying Christian sees that the harbor is only just ahead. From heavenly castles voices of welcome come over the waters. Peace drops on the angry wave as the storm sobs itself to rest like a child falling asleep amid tears and trouble. Christ hath hushed the tempest.

CANCER CURED
—AND A—
LIFE SAVED
By the Persistent Use of
Ayer's Sarsaparilla

"I was troubled for years with a sore on my knee, which several physicians, who treated me, called a cancer, assuring me that nothing could be done to save my life. As a last resort, I was induced to try Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and, after taking a number of bottles, the sore

began to disappear and my general health improve. I persisted in this treatment, until the sore was entirely healed. Since then, I use Ayer's Sarsaparilla occasionally as a tonic and blood-purifier, and, indeed, it seems as though I could not keep house without it."—Mrs. S. A. FIELDS, Bloomfield, Ia.

AYER'S
The Only World's Fair Sarsaparilla.
Ayer's Pills Regulate the Liver.

RIBBONS MUCH WORN.

Used With Chiffon Their Effect is Very Pretty.

Ribbons are always a godsend to women who have to consult economy, and as this year everything is to be ribboned there is much to be thankful for. A big black satin bow on the side breadth of a skirt, a fresh ribbon and belt collar often makes it possible to wear a gown that looked very shabby and forlorn. Black ribbons are particularly good, and a light waist that is not really soiled, but has become dulled and faded, can be made very presentable with collar, belt, cuffs and band down the front of broad, black satin ribbon. The full effects also make it possible to substitute a fresh piece of silk for one that is soiled or faded; while added bits of fancy trimming never look out of place in this age of the world, when

SATIN AND CHIFFON.

there seems to be no possible raison d'etre for anything, particularly so far as dress is concerned.

A touch of bright color will often go further to brighten up a dark gown that looks dull and old than will anything else. Yellow in the spring of the year, red in the autumn, used to be thought the correct thing. Now either color is used at either time. They both work good results. Velvet is preferable to satins for autumn wear in trimmings, be it understood, but it will be harder to choose becoming shades in it, as there is much less rarity of coloring. In red the cerise or cherry shades are preferable to the magenta, which has lost its popularity—mercifully for most women, for she who finds magenta becoming is not met with oftener than once in a lifetime.

That Tired Feeling

Is a common complaint and it is a dangerous symptom. It means that the system is debilitated because of impure blood, and in this condition it is especially liable to attacks of disease. Hood's Sarsaparilla is the remedy for this condition, and also for that weakness which prevails at the change of season, climate or life.

Hood's Pills act easily, yet promptly and efficiently on the bowels and liver.

To Cover Up Tracks.

"Paintings?" said the artist, flattered by the presence of the millionaire in his studio. "Yes, sir. I shall be happy to show you my best canvasses. Something allegorical? Or do you prefer a landscape?"

"What I want," said Mr. Boodelle, the eminent contractor, with decision, is something about a yard and a half long and a yard wide, to cover some cracks in the frescoin'."—Chicago Tribune.

AROUND THE SOUTH POLE.

A MAN WHO IS JUST BACK FROM ANTARCTICA.

He Thinks the Southern Continent May be Reached Any Year.

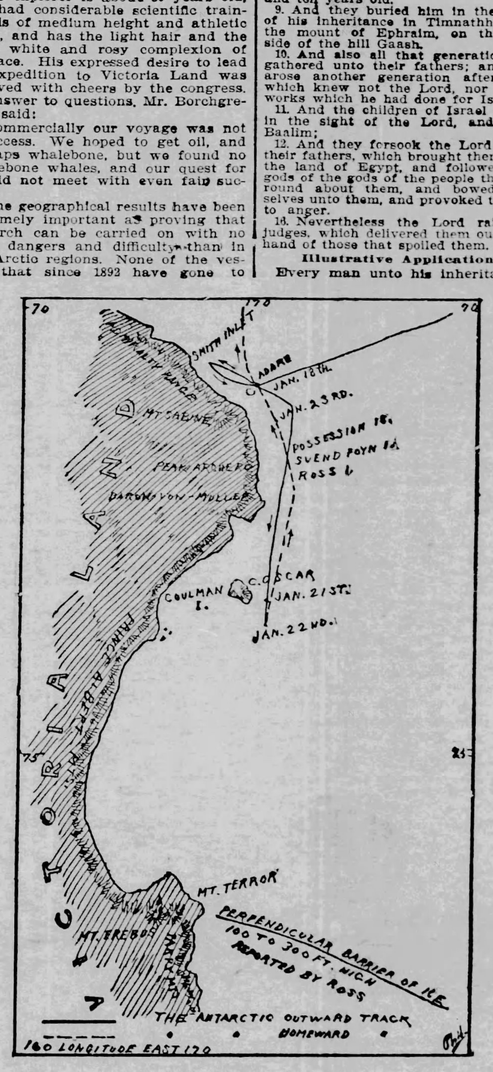
The geographers who gathered in London from all over the world for the Sixth International Geographical Congress enjoyed a treat that had not been expected. It was the young Norwegian, C. E. Borchgrevink, who told the story of his visit last winter (the Antartic summer) to the shores of Victoria Land. Ross discovered it 54 years ago, only a little while after Victoria ascended the British throne, and no later explorers had visited its ice-covered coasts till Borchgrevink and his comrades saw them nine months ago.

The steamer Antartic left Melbourne in September, last year, for a whaling cruise in the Southern seas, and Mr. Borchgrevink, who was desirous of making a scientific visit in those latitudes, was able to take passage only by shipping as a common seaman. The ice conditions permitted the party to penetrate clear to Victoria Land, and they spent eight days (January 18-26, this year, along that coast.

The explorer is about 30 years old, has had considerable scientific training, is of medium height and athletic build, and has the light hair and the clear white and rosy complexion of his race. His expressed desire to lead an expedition to Victoria Land was received with cheers by the congress. In answer to questions, Mr. Borchgrevink said:

"Commercially our voyage was not a success. We hoped to get oil, and perhaps whalebone, but we found no whalebone whales, and our quest for oil did not meet with even fair success.

"The geographical results have been extremely important as proving that research can be carried on with no more dangers and difficulty than in the Arctic regions. None of the vessels that since 1892 have gone to



THE ANTARCTIC'S TRACK.

South Polar waters has had exploration particularly in view, but Capt. Larsen has considerably extended the known coast line of Graham Land, and, without any special difficulty, we penetrated almost as far south as has ever been reached. I believe that, as a rule, the coast of Victoria Land may be reached in any Antarctic summer, and there stretches away, in all probability, a land of continental extent that invites research.

"Only three parties have ever set foot on land within the Antarctic circle. Ross and d'Urville, before us, alone landed within that area. We were the first to set foot on the mainland of Victoria Land. Many people seem to have the incorrect impression that a wall of ice surrounds Victoria Land, forbidding the idea of landing in the country. I am sure a careful reading of James Ross's voyage would give no such erroneous idea. I am confident that there are quite a number of places where a landing may be made, and we succeeded in easily landing on a peninsula jutting out from Cape Adare and gently sloping to the sea. Not far away Ross landed on one of the Possession Islands and on Franklin Island.

"You remember that Ross said myriads of penguins covered the ground and opposed the landing of his party, rushing at them and picking at them with their sharp beaks, and crying or shrieking in loud, coarse notes. They also freely attacked us as we pulled our boat up on the shore. I had to use my stick in self-defense, and their screams so filled the air that I had to shout when I told the men that we were the second party to set foot on the island Ross also spoke of the deep beds of guano, the deposits of ages, on this little island. We found these beds to be unusual depth, and I have brought home a specimen for analysis.

"My plan would be to make Cape Adare the headquarters of a scientific expedition. The party might spend the winter night there in safety and comfort. In this neighborhood a great many of the phenomena requiring investigation may be studied to advantage. There are 20 glaciers within easy reach of the cape. One of them seems to contain strata of lava between thick layers of snow. A volcano which has recently been active is near by. Cape Adare, itself, rises to a height of 3,779 feet above the sea, and is a most favorable position for meteorological observations. The irregularities of our compasses off Coulman Island seems to indicate that there are secrets there of scientific value. As for biological research, the sea teems with life, and so do the lands, and it will be remarkable if in the vast area believed to be covered by the Victoria continent, hitherto unknown animal life should not be discovered.

"As for the inland work, I should be glad to lead a party into the interior of Victoria Land. I believe that it would be comparatively easy to get into the interior, on the ice cap, from the neighborhood of Coulman Island. My plan would be to travel both with the Scandinavian ski and the Canadian snowshoes, differing conditions of the snow making one or the other more useful. I should expect to carry equipment and supplies for several months' work on sledges drawn by dog teams. It is probable that I dog teams. It is probable that I should have to travel about 160 miles, nearly due east, to reach the southern magnetic pole. There is little doubt that the pole will be found on the continent. Its position should be located in addition to extending researches as far to the south as possible."

Huxley's Epitaph.

The following lines have been carved on Huxley's tombstone at his request:

And if there be no meeting past the grave;
If all is darkness, silence, yet 'tis rest.
Be not afraid, ye waiting hearts that weep!
For God still giveth his beloved sleep.
And if an endless sleep he wills, so best!

The Sunday School.

The Time of the Judges.

LESSON 1, OCTOBER 6, 1895.
Golden text: The Lord raised up judges, which delivered them.—Judg. 11:16.

LESSON TEXT.

(Judg. 11:1-12, 16. Memory verses: 11, 13, 16.)

1. And an angel of the Lord came up from Gilgal to Bochim, and said, I made you to go up out of Egypt, and have brought you unto the land which I sware unto your fathers; and I said, I will never break my covenant with you.

2. And ye shall make no league with the inhabitants of this land; ye shall throw down their altars; but ye have not obeyed my voice; why have ye done this?

3. Wherefore I also said, I will not drive them out from before you; but they shall be as thorns in your sides, and their gods shall be a snare unto you.

4. And it came to pass, when the Angel of the Lord spake these words unto all the children of Israel, that the people lifted up their voice and wept.

5. And they called the name of that place Bochim; and they sacrificed there unto the Lord.

6 And when Joshua had let the people go, the children of Israel went every man unto his inheritance to possess the land.

7. And the people served the Lord all the days of Joshua, and all the days of the elders that outlived Joshua, who had seen all the great works of the Lord, that he did for Israel.

8. And Joshua the son of Nun, the servant of the Lord, died, being a hundred and ten years old.

9. And they buried him in the border of his inheritance in Timnathheres, in the mount of Ephraim, on the north side of the hill Gaash.

10. And also all that generation were gathered unto their fathers; and there arose another generation after them, which knew not the Lord, nor yet the works which he had done for Israel.

11. And the children of Israel did evil in the sight of the Lord, and served Baalim;

12. And they forsook the Lord God of their fathers, which brought them out of the land of Egypt, and followed other gods of the gods of the people that were round about them, and bowed themselves unto them, and provoked the Lord to anger.

16. Nevertheless the Lord raised up judges, which delivered them out of the hand of those that spoiled them.

Illustrative Applications.

Every man unto his inheritance to possess the land....Another generation after them, which knew not the Lord, nor yet the work which he had wrought (vs. 6-10). There is no backsliding without a forward position to start from. It is those who have had reason to know of God's love, and of the advantages of serving God, who are in danger of becoming backsliders. Great privileges bring great opportunities of loss as well as of gain. And one of the perils of prosperity is the temptation to lose a sense of reliance on God, and to forget that all one has came only as the gift of God. To enter into an inheritance which was dearly bought does not in itself secure a remembrance of the source and cost of the treasure possessed. It is very easy to forget God's goodness; and it is as dangerous as it easy.

The children of Israel did that which was evil in the sight of the Lord (v. 11). A great many things that are evil in the sight of the Lord are not evil in the sight of man. And, as a rule, men are more careful not to do things that are evil in man's sight than not to do things that are evil in God's sight. The commonest standard of well doing is the standard which the community about one counts the correct standard. So long as a man does as well as his neighbors think he ought to do, he is likely to think that he does pretty well. The next higher standard is for a man to do that which he himself thinks is right—to "do as well as he knows how." If a man gets to that point, he is tolerably well satisfied himself. But the only correct standard of right is that which is right in God's sight. Even though a man's neighbors commend his course, and his conscience aproves it unless it is right in God's sight, it is still a wrong course. Not what you or I suppose to be right, but what God knows to be right, is the safe standard for either of us—or for anybody else.

They forsook the Lord, the God of their fathers, which brought them out of the land of Egypt (v. 12). A man is uneasy in the nominal service of God when he knows he is neither serving God nor is willing to serve him. As soon as the man begins to do deliberately that which he knows God would not have him do, he wants to be rid of God's oversight and control. It makes no difference how much God has done for him, his wish is to be free from having anything to do with God. Whenever you find a man complaining of God's government, or softly at the thought of God's living ministry to him, you may be pretty sure that that man has been doing that which he knew to be wrong in God's sight, and that now he is trying to think that God is wrong in his sight.

And the Lord raised up judges, which saved them out of the hand of those that spoiled them (v. 16). How much the Lord is doing for those who hate him! Day and night he is sending them new blessings. And his lovingkindness never fails. When they battle him and his cause, he defends the right, and they must fail and fall in their self-chosen conflict. But while he hates their sin, he loves the sinners; and he never grows weary of inviting them back to his service which they have deserted. "Return, thou backsliding Israel, saith the Lord." "Return ye, and turn yourselves from all your transgressions; so iniquity shall not be your ruin. Cast away from you all your transgressions, wherein ye have transgressed; and make you a new heart and a new spirit: for why will ye die, O house of Israel?"—H. Clay Trumbull in S. S. Times.

Are You Nervous?

Use Horsford's Acid Phosphate.
Dr. H. N. D. PARKER, Chicago, Ill., says: "I have thoroughly tested it in nervous diseases, dyspepsia and general debility, and in every case can see great benefit from its use."

English Conversation.

She—Oh, really, Major, you quite—
He—Yes, ah; yes, ah! Weally, now, Mrs. de Jones, ah!—St. Paul's.

"To Remove Paint

"Sit down on it before it is dry."—(*Texas Siftings.*)

That's a good way—easy, too. And another way is to do your cleaning in the old-fashioned way with soap; the necessary rubbing takes off the paint along with the dirt, but this is very tiresome work. You ought to do your housecleaning with Pearline; that's the modern way—easiest and most economical way—takes away the dirt easily and leaves the paint. Saves rubbing, saves work, saves time, saves whatever is cleaned. Use Pearline (no soap) on anything that water doesn't hurt.

Millions NOW USE 455 Pearline

SKYLIGHTS OF WOOD PULP.

Experiments That Will Probably Lead to Changes in Windows.

Numerous attempts have been made to obtain a substitute for glass for use in skylights and other similar situations where the brittleness of the existing material is an annoyance and source of expense, but few of the artificial products have merited the claims made by their inventors. Glass roofs are never entirely satisfactory when they cover goods of fine texture and colors, since changes in temperature result in warping of the framework and cracking of the glass, with the result that valuable goods are seriously injured or machines rusted from the water that leaks through.

One of the latest suggestions is a translucent substance made from wood pulp, which is intended to take the place of glass in skylights, or rather places exposed to the elements, and where the admission of rays of light is needed without transparency. In an article in the Paper Trade Journal, George Damon Rice speaks favorably of this new product, and describes its process of manufacture. The great feature of wood pulp rendered translucent is that it is elastic and can conform itself readily to changed conditions of atmosphere. Heat or cold, which seriously affects glass, causes no trouble with this material. The process of making the translucent pulp, as described by Mr. Rice, is somewhat intricate, although not expensive, as the materials employed for reducing the pulp and rendering it available for lighting purposes are not costly. A white wood is selected, ground, digested and treated with a compound prepared by combining glycerine with acids in the following proportions: One hundred parts of glycerine of 25 B., four parts of picric acid, three parts of salicylic acid, thirty parts of boracic acid and ten parts of fish glue. This mixture is introduced into a tank containing 900 pounds of the dissolved wood pulp, and the whole is thoroughly mixed and allowed to lie for three or four days, by which time the fibre is well penetrated with the compounds and is ready for treatment in a newly constructed machine. The pulp is put in a tank whence it emerges uniformly through an outlet, where there is an arrangement to govern the flow.

As the pulp leaves the outlet it passes in the form of a sheet into two rubbing rollers, around which there is a leather apron the width of the sheet of pulp. An eccentric imparts a slight rubbing motion to the rollers, so that the sheet of pulp is smoothed a little. Next the sheet passes between heating and drying devices, which receive steam from a pipe. When the sheet arrives at a second set of rubbing rollers it is dry enough to be handled without danger of the fiber separating. From this point the sheet is conveyed into another tank, and is drawn around several rollers.

The ingredients for rendering the pulp translucent are now applied. The liquid in the tank consists chiefly of distilled water and bichromate of potash. A glass cup containing an alcoholic solution of tortoise sheel feeds its contents by drops into a receptacle in which is a mixture compounded from sulphuric acid and resin. Valves are arranged to deposit the contents of the top reservoirs in desired quantities to the main tank, where they unite and form a liquor having the necessary properties for producing the desired effect upon the pulp sheet. As the liquor weakens it is drawn off into a lower tank, and is used over again after strengthening. The mechanism revolves a winding arrangement, which constantly draws the sheet through the machine and over cylinders heated by steam. Brush cylinders remove loose matter.

The sheet is ready for the next operation, which consists in unwinding it from the roll, spreading it out upon a wide, long table, in an airtight compartment, in which the light of the sun is not permitted to enter, and then applying a coating of the alcoholic solution of tortoise shell with a brush and coating the whole with white varnish. When the sheet is removed, at the end of twenty-four hours, it is white and translucent. It will admit the rays of light, but is not transparent, thus making it valuable in places where painted windows are used. If struck with a stone or hammer, it simply bends a little, but never cracks. It is very flexible.

The stock is shaped of the right dimensions for a frame by sawing it out. No diamond-cutting tool is needed. The pane can be nailed in place or set in with putty or in dry places with glue. The only estimates of cost given as yet are that the material is cheaper than glass.

The Pearly Substance

Of the teeth is brittle. SOZODONT, composed exclusively of hygienic vegetable elements, and containing no solvent, is the only article which, while whitening the enamel, preserves its soundness.

LEFT THE MAN IN DOUBT.

He Receives a Retort That Sets Him Thinking.

She was probably what is technically known as a "summer girl." She looked like one in her yellow dimity gown. At any rate it was summer and she was a girl. She sat on the bluff overlooking the lake. She had with her a young St. Bernard, whose tawny coloring harmonized beautifully, as she perfectly well knew, with the pale yellow of her frock.

Down on the beach was a young man with a couple of collie pups. He began to whistle to the summer girl's dog, and the dog started up. The girl laid her hand on his collar. The young man whistled and kept on whistling to it. The dog struggled. The girl let him go. It would have been undignified to try to hold that squirming puppy any longer. None the less the girl was irritated. The dog was decidedly becoming to her and she wanted him.

Presently the young man climbed the bluff, the three puppies frisking up ahead of him. He stopped to speak to the girl and wondered at her coolness. She managed to get her hand once more on the collar of her own beastie. The young man and his dogs departed. The girl's dog insisted on going with them. The young man, noticing it, called back: "What's the matter? Won't your dog stay with you?"

In the sweetest tones the answer came: "It doesn't matter. I know he's perfectly safe with you and the other puppies."

And the young man is still in doubt as to whether he should be pleased or otherwise.—Chicago Tribune.

Frank About It.

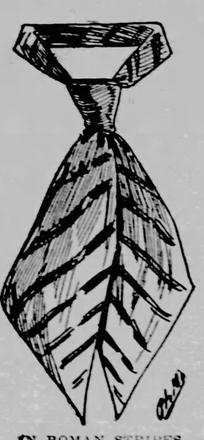
Dixy—At what time does Farmer Jay begin milking?

Doxy—The very minute his guests arrive.

THE NEWEST TIES.

Bizarre Colors Now Abjured in the Latest Neckwear.

After setting the teeth of the fastidious on edge with awful and sinful combinations of colors in ties of all sorts for many months past, the man of fashion has become repentant, and there is actually an inclination on his part to don something which will, at least, have the merit of being artistic. Startling effects have been relegated to the shades, though it is still possible to find Roman stripes, varied to

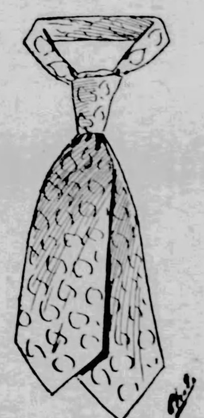


IN ROMAN STRIPES.

meet the new demand, but, nevertheless, too strong in color to be entirely subordinated by the close relationship of dark and subdued grounds.

In regard to the shape of this season's ties the Haberdasher has this to say:

"By a most clever application of new ideas to old models the makers of neckwear have succeeded in placing a very sightly lot of shapes upon the market. The buyer of experience thoroughly understands the risk of backing up bizarre goods, and hence the demand has always flowed in conservative channels at the opening of a new season. The tieable scarfs have been given very little attention by the hunt for new things. The old models are too well established in popular favor to hold out much promise of success to the innovators. The four-in-hands are in the old school, the graduated and the flowing-end styles. In close alliance with these always popular scarfs we have the Imperials and De Joinvilles. The latter are to be sold in the fine as well as medium grades in their natural state or with the stitched band. In ties the square and pointed enders have been made up. They are graduated or cut perfectly straight. The novelty in this line, with the fancy stitching on the end, is yet in that state of uncertainty when small orders beget the best results. Ascots and partially made-up puffs have been liberally backed by all the leading authorities. In the made-up shapes the knots, bows, puffs and flats show evidences of new influence, but nothing savoring the least bit of radicalism has been attempted. The knots are fat and long and liberal plaiting is exploited. Aprons are narrow and wide, the most popular style being the simulation of the tied De Joinville. Flats are copied from the old models, and puffs have been made up as closely to the tied ascot as it is



IN PERSIAN EFFECTS.

possible for the most expert scarf formers to get."

How long men will be able to purchase a really handsome tie or scarf for 50 cents is coming a question, as raw silk has advanced half a dollar a pound in the last six months; a fact which must of necessity affect the price of neckwear silk.

A Practical Smoke Consumer.

For the past two years F. T. Adams, a master mechanic, and John N. Kohne, engineer of the "Nasby," have had their heads together to invent a practical and as nearly perfect smoke consumer as is possible. These gentlemen have, after a great deal of hard work, accomplished it. It consists of a hollow bridge wall in order to let the oxygen into the furnace. A half-inch steam pipe with burner is placed in the front end of the furnace to super-heat the steam and form it into gas, the oxygen and hydrogen combining to burn the carbon out of the coal, making a perfect white heat or fire. This device is not only a smoke consumer, but saves at least 200 pounds of coal a day; burns the soot all up, and where the flues were formerly cleaned daily, they now have to be cleaned about once a week. Those interested should call at the engineer's room in the basement of the "Nasby," where the practical working of this smoke consumer can be seen.

New Kidney and Bladder Cure.

The new botanic discovery Alkavis, is an assured cure for kidney and bladder diseases, pain in back and rheumatism. The best proof is that the Church Kidney Cure Company, 418 Fourth ave., New York, will send you treatment by mail prepaid free if you send them your name and address. Alkavis has certainly wrought some wonderful cures and we advise our readers to try it, as it is offered free.

The Captain's Story.

"Accidents?" said the old sea captain. "No, we never have any to speak of on this line. Why, one trip, about a year ago, the ship caught fire down in the hold and we never discovered it till we got into land and began to unload.

"That's strange. What put the fire out?"

"Why, it burned down through to the sea and the water put it out. Couldn't burn the water, you know."

And the captain walked away smiling, while the interlocutor was so astonished that he never thought to ask why the ship did not sink.

Lack of Logic.

Jazby—I don't think you ought to charge me so much for the use of this bicycle to-day as you did the last time I hired it.

Bicycle Dealer—Why not? You had it just as long.

Jazby—I know that; but I rode only forty-seven miles to-day, and I made eighty-two miles on it the last day I had it.—Roxbury Gazette.

The Bright Side.

Mrs. Cloon—It is indeed true that God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb.

Old Cloon—Yep! When a man's wife elopes he can get a new one easier than he can hunt up the old one.

CONSUMPTION

TO THE EDITOR—Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy free to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their express and post office address. T. A. Slocum, M.C., 183 Pearl St., New York

You See Them Everywhere

Satisfaction and Speed in

Columbia Bicycles

The famous Hartford Single-Tube Tires with which Columbia Bicycles are equipped add much to the pleasure Columbia riders have in bicycling. Even the dreaded puncture loses its terrors with Hartford Single-Tubes. Rep

TOLEDO BLADE.

THURSDAY, SEPT. 26, 1895.

Largest and Best Weekly Published, and Largest Circulation!

TOLEDO BLADE CO.....Publishers.
ROBINSON LOCKE.....Editor.

THE BLADE is a weekly newspaper for intelligent American citizens. It aims to cover, each week, all news topics of real interest to all wide-awake and thinking men. Its editorial page is the strongest and most thoughtful of any in the United States. Its special departments are carefully edited, and the whole paper is intended for the homes of the free American people.

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☞ ENTERED AT THE POSTOFFICE AT TOLEDO AS SECOND-CLASS MAIL MATTER.

CIRCULATION LAST WEEK, 115,000

TO SUBSCRIBERS.

Our low-priced three months subscription offer was discontinued with the month of August. It will be useless to send us three months' subscriptions now at less than our regular rates.

We have a very large number of three months' subscribers whose terms expire during September. To them we have sent a proposition for renewal for one year, which is the most remarkable as to terms that The Blade or any other newspaper ever made.

We hope that without exception every short time subscriber will accept this and send in his renewal. And it will be very remarkable if all do not. For, as stated above, the terms offered are so liberal that no one will resist, and we believe such terms will never be offered again by any newspaper.

OUR SILVER DISCUSSION.

In to-day's issue of The Blade we give the seventh paper of our silver discussion. It is entitled

"OUR BANK NOTE CIRCULATION."

The author of this paper is Mr. WM. DODSWORTH, editor of the New York Journal of Commerce, the leading commercial periodical of the United States.

LEVI P. MORTON.

The first candidate for the Republican Presidential nomination has had his candidacy formally announced. The New York Republicans, in state convention assembled, endorsed Hon. Levi P. Morton as the Empire state's candidate in the platform, and also passed a special resolution to the same effect.

Such action was to have been expected. Mr. Morton was elected to the Vice Presidency in 1888 with Harrison and filled the position well. He is now governor of the state of New York, and has proved his executive ability, if it can ever be doubted, by the excellence of his administration. He is the most distinguished Republican in the state of New York. It was meet and proper that the Republicans of that state should endorse his Presidential aspirations.

The Empire state has furnished several Democratic Presidents and Presidential candidates, but for some reason she has given but few to the party in opposition. Millard Fillmore, of that state, was elected Vice President by the Whigs in 1848, and succeeded to the Presidency in 1850, on the death of Taylor. He was nominated for the Presidency by the "American," or Know Nothing party, in 1856, but defeated in the triangular contest among himself, Fremont and Buchanan. New York presented Seward as her Presidential candidate in 1860, but Lincoln was nominated. She supported Conkling in 1876, but Hayes was the nominee. She was given the Vice Presidency in 1880, and Mr. Arthur succeeded to the chief magistracy when Garfield died. He was New York's candidate in 1884, but Blaine was given the nomination. The Vice Presidential nomination was given her in 1888 and 1892—Morton and Reed being the respective candidates. Now she presents Morton as her choice for first place.

No Republican in the nation has any but the most cordial feelings toward Governor Morton, and if he nominated will support him. But it is a far cry yet to the national convention, and just now Morton's nomination is rather improbable.

AN ERA IN HISTORY.

The events of the past two weeks in Kentucky, Tennessee and Georgia prove conclusively that "Peace hath her victories no less renowned than war." Beginning at Louisville two weeks ago the great army of the North, in a large part composed of the men who fought the battles of the rebellion a third of a century ago, swept on to Knoxville, then to Chickamauga, fell back to Chattanooga, and now the cry is "on to Atlanta." The history of the past two weeks would have seemed impossible ten years ago. The events since the gathering of the Grand Army at Louisville have done more to wipe out sectional lines and restore the unity of the people than anything which has occurred since Lee surrendered to Grant at Appomattox.

The great army of the North went on a mission of peace. It might be termed a "party call." The South met it with that open hospitality which is characteristic of the people of that section. The Northern visitors found in all the Southern states the same love of country and the same loyalty to the flag that they find at home. The sentiments are eloquently and so beautifully expressed by Watterson at Louisville and by Gordon at Chickamauga are shared by the men of the South. Of course, there are some Southerners who are not reconstructed just as there are some men in the North who can see nothing good south of the old Mason and Dixon line, but tey are the exceptions which only go to prove the rule.

When the history of the closing daye of the Nineteenth century is written the events of the past two weeks will be a prominent feature. It is the era of good feeling, the final reunion, and that forever more, of a once divided country.

Truly the war is over.

A Cincinnati dispatch says Brice has notified the Democratic campaign committee that his contribution to the campaign fund would amount to $200,000, and that the money was ready whenever it was needed. It is rumored that Representative Paul J. Sorg will contribute an equal amount. It is gossip around the Gibson hotel that Mr. Thomas and Tom Johnson will each give $100,000 to the Democrats.

POWDERLY ON TEMPERANCE.

Though Terence V. Powderly has retired from the leadership of the Knights of Labor, he is still looked up to by a very large section of the men in the ranks of organized labor as a thoughtful and sincere counselor. This fact gives importance to an address he recently made at Glynden Park, Baltimore, in which he spoke at some length upon the liquor question. He frankly declared to his fellow-workingmen that he believes liquor to be "our deadliest enemy." Referring to the turmoil in New York city over the enforcement of the Sunday closing law, he expressed the opinion that the workingmen of that city think more of liquor on Sunday than of anything else. He adduced the fact that the workingmen of that city spend $50,000 daily for liquor, making a total of $75,000,000 a year. In Allegheny county, Pennsylvania, the annual drink bill is $17,000,000. He also quoted the enormous waste in the same direction in other cities, to show the losses to workingmen from alcoholic indulgence.

Mr. Powderly illustrated the subservience of this large class of the population to the saloon by stating that he had seen saloonkeepers in Scranton, where he resides, piloting foreign-born men through the naturalization court, and then voting them like so many cattle, selling their votes to the highest bidder. Liquor, he said, was the direct cause of more than one great strike. "Three hundred brewers went on strike on one occasion," said Mr. Powderly, "and I was called to settle the differences between the boss brewers and the workmen. The men went on strike because their allowance of beer had been reduced from ten glasses a day to five glasses, and the reduction was found necessary in order to keep the men sober."

Mr. Powderly, as our readers probably know, is a Catholic in religion, and he deplored the fact that the Roman Catholic church does not take a radical stand against the drink habit and the saloon. Said he: "The day is here when Catholics and Protestants must come together. I do not mean that either should lay aside one of his tenets, but the time has come when we should stand together on the platform for the redemption of mankind from the slavery of whisky. The slavery of the present day is terrible, is dangerous." And then he expressed an opinion which coincides with that of every true friend of temperance: "One of the worst customs in America is that of treating. Every man that treats another to a drink of liquor acts as a drummer for the saloonkeeper. When any one asks you to take a drink tell him you are not thirsty."

We are glad that so well-known a labor leader has seen fit to take such a radical position against the greatest evil of our civilization; but we regret that he did not do so when he was at the head of the Knights of Labor, when he could probably have found means to array the entire order on the side of temperance.

As The Blade has before said, when any labor organization demands that an employer of labor shall not give work to any but its members, it ought in return for this obligate itself to see that none but fully competent and thoroughly reliable men are allowed the privilege of membership. To do this, it must exclude all drinking men, for they are not reliable, nor are they capable of as good work as are sober men. When the leaders or organized labor in the United States realize this obligation, and act on it, a most powerful aid will be given to the movement to

Pulverize the Rum Power.

PENSION PAYMENTS.

The crusade against the pensioners, made under Hoke Smith's direction, by virtue of orders from the White House, is beginning to bear fruit. An official statement from the Pension office says the number of pensioners has fallen from 1,011,794 last year to 987,815 in 1895. Judge Lochren has prepared the following table to show the future diminution of the pension list through death and Democratic opposition:

Year.	Pensions.
1900	854,461
1905	701,413
1910	505,255
1915	307,180
1920	215,172
1925	99,116
1930	31,645
1935	5,382
1940	293

This estimate has evidently been hastily prepared, for it overlooks a factor which has a remarkable bearing on the perpetuity of pension payments under former wars. This is the longevity of the wives of pensioners. His table gives 293 pensioners being alive 75 years after the close of the rebellion; yet last year, 111 years after the close of the Revolution, there were several widows of Revolutionary soldiers still drawing pensions, a part of whom are undoubtedly living today.

The "Ohio man" bore himself bravely and well on the crimson fields of Chickamauga, Lookout Mountain and Missionary Ridge thirty odd years ago, and did honor to his state. The Ohio man has been doing honor to Buckeyedom within the past few days, but in a different way. The addresses at the dedicatory exercises by various Ohio orators have been of such a character as to attract the attention of the whole country, and elicit praise from everybody. There was nothing sectional in them. While they breathed the loftiest patriotism, and gave due honor to the magnificent bravery of the men who wore the blue, especially of Ohio soldiers, there were no harsh reflections on the men who fought for the "Lost Cause," and nothing that can rankle in the heart of any over-sensitive Southerner.

When American interests at sea in Alaskan waters are imperilled, it is easy for people and parties to appreciate things. But the interior, where great gold mines are known to exist, and where greater ones may yet be discovered, is not much considered. It is to be hoped that the new surveys may not leave the richest diggings of the future in the hands of the British. Neither our government nor our people seem to appreciate the real value and importance of Alaska to us.

The red man is rapidly joining the ranks of the good Indians. There are now about 247,000 left in the United States—a decrease of one-third in twenty-five years. At that rate, the race will have vanished within a half century.

President Cleveland did at the Chickamauga celebration exactly as he did during the war—sent a substitute.

Why not remove the national capital to Buzzard's Bay, for the greater convenience to Mr. Cleveland?

THE SILVER RING.

A story comes from Chicago which explains the sudden impetus to the free coinage at 16 to 1 crusade, which began this summer, but which was thoroughly squelched by the campaign of education instituted against it. It was plain to any one that there was a directive force behind the movement. It attempted to control state political conventions, and in states which have no campaigns on this year, it obtained the calling of conventions, ostensibly to "consider the financial question," but in reality to make it appear that there was a great spontaneous uprising of the people in favor of the free silver fallacy.

The story above referred to explains this. A combination of Western mine owners and their moneyed allies in Philadelphia and New York is carrying between $50,000,000 and $60,000,000 of silver bullion. It has about $10,000,000 of its own in the pool, and is borrowing the rest in New York, London, San Francisco and other cities where capital is available on silver collateral. The pool can borrow on silver close up to the public quotations, though it is not obliged to do so, having a large surplus of its own, but it, nevertheless, finds the deal a costly one. The interest and storage charges are running at the rate of nearly $2,000,000, and they are getting larger, for production has not stopped, and the combination is making a market for the output of the mines by taking the bullion and storing it.

This combine is playing a desperate game, but for splendid stakes. If it can fool the people, through the falsehoods and fallacies of men like the author of "Coin," into electing men to congress who will enact a free coinage law at 16 to 1, it will make anywhere from $50,000,000 to $75,000,000, depending on the time, the amount of bullion it will have on hand and other circumstances and conditions now largely speculative. All this explains the persistency and energy displayed in the free silver propaganda, and the fact that a certain set of orators turn up at every possible occasion, in any part of the Union, which affords an opportunity to expound their fallacies.

It is noted that these silver workers are not generally men of wealth, yet they travel in palace cars, put up at the best hotels, take long jumps, and are here, there and everywhere, marshaling the forces, infusing enthusiasm into the masses, and keeping up the interest by every known artifice. Now it is asserted that the silver combine is paying the bill. The campaign is inspired by the silver conspirators, and is as business-like an enterprise as ever was a wheat, pork or stock corner.

The mass of the silver bullion on their hands has been acquired by the combination under 70 cents per ounce. If the campaign on foot can be carried to a successful issue the holders hope to be able to unload at $1.20 and above. By keeping up the agitation they imagine that within two years they will secure such legislation as they need, either by international agreement or by independent action by this country, and it will be observed that they have recently given the discussion the former turn. Decidedly the men who are posing as leaders of the movement have been given the cue to soften their demands for free coinage by this country, regardless of the position of other commercial nations.

Of course, principle has nothing to do with the action of these men. They look on silver propagandism as a strictly business enterprise, and hence are not anxious to play strongly for a point they do not want to make. Their object is to make a market for their enormous accumulation of white metal. They do not feel sure that if this country should go into free coinage they could sell out at the profit they are working for. They want legislation that will advance the price of their silver bullion 100 per cent. They have $50,000,000 to $60,000,000 worth now in their control. In two years more they will have $100,000,000 worth on hand. That means they will have to increase their original investment by $20,000,000 or more.

While it is a fact that the silver movement has received a severe backset during the past three months, the leaders do not despair. They propose to keep up the agitation, and force, if possible, some recognition in next year's national conventions. Forewarned is forearmed, and the friends of honest money must not relax their vigilance. They must realize the fact that a vast conspiracy is on foot, backed by huge capital, to force this nation to a silver basis. The country's prosperity is threatened, and it behooves us to keep steadily at work to counteract the conspirators.

THE ATLANTA EXPOSITION.

This morning the gates of the Cotton States and International Exposition at Atlanta were thrown open and the thousands of pieces of machinery were set in motion by President Cleveland touching an electric button at his summer home at Buzzard's Bay. The exposition will remain open until the close of the year, 120 days in all.

Much has been expected of this great exhibition, and it starts out with a promise of meeting everything which has been said of it. It has not only received the attention of the various states, but it is as its name indicates, international, for all the great countries of the world are represented.

In some respects the Atlanta Exposition will be of greater value to the United States than the recent great fair at Chicago. It will call attention to the South and its latent resources. It will more thoroughly faaternize the people of the two great sections. It will accomplish along this line the work that received such an impetus at Louisville last week. The same warm welcome will be extended by Atlanta, and between now and the first of next January tens of thousands of Northern people will be her guests.

The patriotic fervor and popular enthusiasm shown by the Italian people in the celebration of the twenty-fifth anniversary of the occupation of Rome by Italian troops goes to show even the wisest may err in prediction. At the time of the triumph of Victor Emanuel it was prophesied by those best versed in the intricacies of Italian politics that the new united kingdom would not last ten years. Yet it has lasted a quarter of a century, and to-day its breakup seems more remote than ever.

The third term boom obtains its impetus, according to a cuckoo contemporary down East, because of the "consenting silence" of the President. "Consenting silence" is a good term.

Eight members of the next Congress have been married since last fall's election. The morals of American statesmen are improving.

If Mr. Harrison's reticence is kept up, he will soon be entitled to the soubriquet of "Benjamin the Silent."

IS THE TARIFF AN ISSUE?

The Democratic papers are making a terrible to-do because, at the opening of the Ohio campaign, the speakers, from Senator Sherman down, favored a restoration of the protective policy. They are raising as much of a howl over it as though it were a new thing. But they seem to overlook the fact that the Republican state platform demands it equally; that every Republican platform, anywhere in the Union, adopted this year, demands it; and that the Republican party has been the party of protection ever since it was a party. Its national platform of 1860 demanded protection to American industries.

This mimicry of extreme surprise is part of the absurd and impertinent attempt to swindle the American people into the belief that the present tariff law is to be credited with the partial restoration of prosperity we are now experiencing. Here in Ohio alone there are thousands upon thousands of Democratic workingmen who know, from bitter experience, that wages under a Democratic tariff are not as high as they were under Republican protection in 1891 and 1892. There may be some who are getting as much now as then, but every one knows that the advances in wages during the present year have not brought them up to the Republican level.

Ask these men whether they favor Republican protection and the resulting high-water mark of wages of 1891 and 1892, and you will find them all eager for it, and willing to vote for it. They were fooled by the specious theories of the Democrats in 1892, but they understand the situation fully now. They can not be fooled again. They have learned thoroughly the lesson that

Low duties mean increased imports of articles of the same kind that we produce here;

That every dollar's worth of such goods imported means a dollar's worth less produced in the United States;

That this means less work for American workingmen, and more work for those abroad;

That a low tariff open the doors to articles made by cheap foreign labor;

That to compete with them, American labor must take lower wages;

And that the present Democratic tariff law is a failure as a revenue producer, and under it a big increase has been made in the bonded debt and to the annual interest burden.

We have faith in the people. We believe the past two years have been an object lesson to them. We think they possess common sense. And consequently we do not believe them to be foolish enough to be deceived by the sophistries of the Democrats, and to vote for a party which has demonstrated fully its utter incapacity to legislate so as to conserve either the economic or the financial welfare of the United States.

FOR LADY READERS.

Elsewhere in to-day's issue will be found a new feature, which will be of interest and value to the lady readers of The Blade. It not only will keep them posted regarding the latest and most desirable modes and fashions, but also will enable them to obtain the very latest patterns at an extremely low figure.

The patterns furnished by The Blade differ materially from similar offers made by a number of other papers. We have had numerous propositions made us to furnish patterns on this general plan, but they were from concerns unknown to the public at large, nor were we satisfied with the samples shown of the work they proposed to furnish. We delayed moving in the matter until we could make arrangements with a first-class pattern house, which we now have done.

The patterns of the styles we illustrate will be furnished by the Bazar Glove-Fitting Pattern Company, of New York, a house which has been established for years, and whose patterns stand deservedly high among ladies. We will print daily their very latest modes, and Blade readers can obtain them at the trivial cost of ten cents each, which barely covers the cost of clerical work and postage.

No coupon is needed. We desire every regular reader of The Blade, and every occasional one, to have the full benefit of this offer. It pays to have The Blade in the house, for there is always something good to be found in its columns, of especial interest to the housewife and mother, as well as other members of the family. Send 10 cents silver for each pattern desired, with the number and name appearing below the cut, as well as the measure; and don't fail to write your name and address very plainly.

The most unique point of interest at the Atlanta Exposition is the Negroes' building. It was designed by a negro, built by negroes, is filled with the products of negro industry and negro skill, is ornamented with the products of negro art, and was dedicated by negro eloquence. The fact is one worth pondering.

Chief Justice Hurt, of the Texas Court of Criminal Appeals, decided in a test glove-contest case that there is no law in Texas against prize-fighting. This opens the way for the Corbett Fitzsimmons "mill" at Dallas—that is, if Corbett does not show the "white feather," as a good many believe he will.

There is a very short and effective method of settling the Armenian outrages. Let the allied powers withdraw their protection of Turkey against Russian aggrandizement. She will be wiped off the map, and there will be no Turkish soldiery to molest the Armenians.

The battleship Maine has been put in commission, thus adding another powerful warship to the United States navy, and still the administration does not seem inclined to use the new navy for anything but a toy.

The Louisville Times suggests Joseph B. Foraker for Vice President. All right. Then the ticket will read: "For President, William McKinley, of Ohio; for Vice President, Joseph B. Foraker, of Ohio."

The latest argument of the cuckoos is, if an American cup-defender can win three races, why should not the President do the same?

It must be humiliating to Mr. Cleveland to have to wait for a Republican Congress to lift his administration out of the financial slough.

The Sovereign bank note boycott has not been declared off, and probably never will be. It was never on.

The Third Commandment is apparently the issue in the New York state campaign.

COLONIZER BRICE.

The publication of the fact that Brice intends to utilize the construction of new extensions to his Ohio railway system, and the improvement of the existing lines, to colonize workmen in large numbers in counties where their votes next November will be effective in capturing legislative seats for the Democrats, and consequently aid in sending Brice himself to the Senate has created a sensation in the Democratic poultry-yard.

In the first surprise over the exposure of the shrewd scheme of the Red Fox of Wall street, his supporters took the position that Brice was to be commended for giving employment to workingmen; that the scheme is legitimate, anyhow; and, finally, demanded to know what the Republicans were going to do about it?

The sober second thought (or was it orders from headquarters?) led to a complete change of position. The story was vehemently denied in toto. The papers printing it were accused of falsehood, and divers and sundry other crimes and misdemeanors. The discharge of something like a dozen Republican employes on the Cincinnati, Jackson and Mackinaw is admitted, but it is alleged that there were other causes than their Republicanism at the bottom of it; yet it is to be noted that the alleged other causes were given in but two instances. Of course it would never do to admit that men were discharged for political reasons, and trumped-up excuses are necessary to cover up this political deviltry.

Then the publication of the facts has had the valuable effect of smoking out the putatively non-Democratic papers which nevertheless are acting secretly as "attorneys" for the defense in the case of The People of Ohio vs. Calvin S. Brice. They rise up and howl "fake!" They abuse The Blade for publishing the facts. No doubt it is embarrassing, at this early stage of the game, to be compelled to show their colors, which carries with it the stigma, in public estimation, of having been "influenced" by Cal. Brice, according to his well-known campaign methods. But it will do the Republican party good to spot these fellows, and find out at once exactly where they stand.

Every Republican in Ohio who desires to see Foraker elected to the senate, who desires McKinley to have the solid support of Ohio for the Presidential nomination next year, should understand that the campaign now on is to be the most bitterly fought one we have ever had in Ohio. It presents a feature never before seen in this state—an organized attempt by Brice and his lieutenants to overcome a heavy Republican majority in a strongly Republican state by the use of money.

Reports from Columbus say it is certain that the Democratic state committee is already using a great deal of money. There is plenty on hand, and if it is needed for any purpose it is used freely. Furthermore, the Democrats never had such an organization of the state as that which now exists. A Columbus special to the Cincinnati Times-Star says that when election day comes, the Democratic organization will practically amount to a huge police force with a dozen or more officers at each polling place to see that every one votes who is counted upon to vote the Democratic ticket.

Not only will money be used lavishly by all the methods now known, but an attempt will be made to beat the secrecy of the Australian ballot system. The same special says:

Under the present system of voting, buying votes is one thing but making sure of delivery of the goods has been an entirely different thing. It was to prevent the corruption of voters that the legislature passed the existing election laws with a view to insuring to every man the privilege of voting, in absolute secrecy, just exactly as he wished, and this has been the case until now. But at last a door has been opened for the vote-buyers and the purpose of a good law has been frustrated. The scheme is very simple, as explained by the Republican who learned of the use that the Democratic corruptionists intend. It consists in placing the crosses in front of the names of candidates in printed tickets, arranged peculiarly, and in making certain kinds of crosses, all of them legal, but all sufficiently out of the ordinary to enable the Democratic election officers to spot them and ascertain to a nicety whether the due delivery of goods has taken place. This is but one wheel in the monstrous machinery that the Democracy is putting up wherewith to grind up the Republican party in November.

It will not do for Republicans to rely on the heavy majorities of the past two years; Brice was not personally interested then. Now his interest is vital. He desires the Democratic Presidential nomination next year, and the only way to get it is to go to the national convention of that party with the prestige of having overcome the phenomenal Republican majority in Ohio, and secured again a seat in the United States senate.

AN HONEST TRAMP.

Absconding bank cashiers and embezzlers of funds of firms and corporations should learn a lesson from the Summit county tramp. This tramp was given a pair of pantaloons by a woman whose husband had made these same pantaloons the depository for $200. The tramp walked a hundred miles before finding the treasure. He was honest. He wanted to return the money. He would not spend any portion of it for a ticket to take him back to the donor. He walked the hundred miles back and returned every penny of the amount.

What was the result? Honesty hath its reward. He was given steady employment by the man who owned the money, and the principle which made him return the money will lead him into an honorable and useful life.

Go to the tramp and learn principle, thou dishonest employee!

The Cuban revolutionists are decidedly in the lead at the present time. The entire northern portion of the island is in their hands. The town of Banes, the most important fruit port on the northern coast has been captured. They now possess the two essentials recognized by international law for recognition as an independent power, or as possessing belligerent rights—an organized government and a port of entry. The recognition of at least their status as belligerents will not be long delayed if they continue to hold their own.

California is very much alarmed over the presence of Asiatic cholera in Honolulu, and quarantine stations at the north and south lines of the state are proposed. That is a wise move. Modern methods of quarantine and disinfection can bar the plague from our shores.

It is reported that an Anglo-American syndicate has been formed for the purpose of combining the interests of European and American copper producers. This reminds us that a French syndicate did the same thing several years ago, but came to grief.

The Treasury reserve is taking the same course of the late lamented McGinty.

If Mr. Campbell is not Mr. Brice's hired man, what is he?

BUSINESS AND FINANCE.

The foreign exchange market is easier, and only $1,700,000 of gold was exported last week. The beginning of an active movement of cotton for export has been the chief factor in this. The cotton crop has been more backward than for years. This year it has not been available for bills of exchange as early as formerly, and the scant exports of grain have increased the dearth of exchange. Now, with the cotton moving in good volume, the necessity of gold exports will probably be obviated.

In point of fact, our foreign trade conditions are very unsatisfactory. Instead of promoting export trade, the Wilson-Gorman tariff has increased our imports and cut off our exports. This is contrary to low tariff theories, and a demonstration of the truth of the Republican position that the volume of exports is controlled alone by the foreign demand, and that there is no relation between it and the volume of our exports. Each is independent of the other. During the last eight months the trade balance is $100,000,000 against us. We have bought abroad that much more than we have sold there. So long as this condition obtains, gold must go out at times to meet the deficiency, and this must continue until proper legislation on the tariff restores the old conditions of prosperity.

Nor is the treasury condition satisfactory. During the past two years the receipts have been $113,000,000 less than the expenditures. The treasury balance is now $6,000,000 less than what was received for the sale of the three issues of bonds already made. Our imports are increasing (to the detriment of our own industries), yet it looks as though a fourth bond issue may be needed before Congress meets.

The domestic business and trade conditions are, however, favorable. The revival is still going on; the demand for staples continues, and the prices are consequently rising. "Cheapness" does not seem to be the desideratum it was deemed by the Democrats in the presidential campaign of 1892.

The demand for money for moving the cotton crop, and the increased demand for funds in business, have at last hardened interest rates in New York. During last week the rate on call loans rose to 3, though yielding later on the new supply attracted. Time money is held 1-2 to 1 per cent higher than a week ago. The closing rate for call loans on Saturday was 1 1-2 per cent. Time money showed many phases during the week, opening with some excitement, and apparently on the way to much higher figures, and increased demand, but settled down to normal conditions at the close with rates at figures not too high to meet the ideas of the borrower. Demand has at no time been urgent, but borrowers have taken up a good deal of money where long time dates could be arranged, and at a slight concession from the rate here quoted. Rates, thirty days, 3 per cent, sixty to ninety days, 3 1-2 per cent., and four to six months 4 per cent.

The stock market has been active, the features of the trading being the specialties. The stocks of coal railways have been better because of the improvement of the coal situation, and those of "granger" railways because of the movement of grain and cotton. Henry Clews, in his weekly circular, refers to the fact that English capital is not drawn this way because of the fever of speculation in South African diamond and gold mining stocks. He says:

Such a wild frenzy of speculation in doubtful properties has not been witnessed in Europe since the Panama ditch speculation in France. It is to be feared that the collapse in the Kaffirs may not unlikely turn out to be as disastrous to the holders who overstay their market as the case of the Panama Canal deal; and when that time comes American securities will doubtless again take their position in the London market as favorites. The difficulty at the present time is that the ups and downs of American securities range within only a few points from week to week, which make them comparatively tame to deal in as compared to the indigenous fluctuations in the Kaffirs, which frequently provide for a profit of several hundred per cent within a few days.

There are no features to record in the silver market. The demand and supply are both moderate. The closing prices in New York on Saturday, were 67@67 3-4 cents per ounce for commercial bars, and 67 1-4@68 1-4 for government assay bars.

BOLD NANSEN.

A report comes that a vessel answering to the description of the Fram, Dr. Nansen's ship, has been seen fast in the ice off the east coast of Greenland. It is highly important, if true; but the chances are that it is false.

More than two years have passed since Nansen started out on the most venturesome voyage ever voluntarily undertaken by man. He provisioned the Fram for four years, and sailed for Christiana, Norway, with the intention of getting locked in an ice-floe and drifting with the currents across or near the North Pole. He expected to come out on the west coast of Greenland.

The probability that the vessel seen was not the Fram, but some venturesome whaler. Still it is to be hoped, for the sake of Nansen and his brave crew, that it will prove to be the missing vessel.

If Mrs. Langtry really will abandon the stage and settle quietly down, so as to keep her name from being the gossip of two continents, all will be forgiven. Lily is a back number, and it may be that she begins to realize it.

It has cost Spain twenty million dollars so far to fight the Cubans, and the revolution is gaining steadily. Why not save money by recognizing the independence of the gem of the Antilles?

The bond syndicate is dissolved, and netted 6 per cent on its investment. All the same, we don't believe another bond issue will be farmed out to a Wall street clique.

And now those Western free silverites have another grievance against President Cleveland. He pressed a gold button in opening the Atlanta Exposition.

The Odd Fellows are agitating the subject of a change of grip. Most people who have had an attack of grip will favor the movement.

If Grover were as expert in handling the ship of state as in managing a yacht it might be better for the country.

Half the governors of the United States were assembled at Chattanooga. Where were the other twenty-two?

The greatest fall opening this year is that of the International Exposition at Atlanta.

So Mr. Brice wants to be President. The length and breadth of this joke can be properly understood after the November election.

FACTS AND WONDERS.

H. F. Goff, the Chicago evangelist, says his faith in human nature has been badly shaken. Mr. Goff and family travel all over the country in a special car called the Good News, which was placed at his disposal by Charles M. Crittenden, the New York philanthropist. The car was stripped of its silverware and fine china by a man who had been converted and given a place as watchman.

A great glacier northeast of Avalanch lake, Mont., and perhaps the only one in the United States south of Alaska, has been discovered, partially explored and photographed. A road will at once be laid out, so that such a curiosity as a real glacier can be visited by all who desire to look upon another one of the wonders of Flathead county, Mont.

In Australia the rabbits climb walls—built at enormous expense, under the delusion that they were "rabbit proof"—and run up and hide in the numerous hollow trees as if they were opossums. Tender of wet feet here, in Australia they have overcome the prejudice, and take to the water, and swim across rivers like water rats.

A hat worn by Daniel Stein, the proprietor of the American Artesian, in Chicago, saved that gentleman from serious injury and possible death. Mr. Stein was passing under the Lake street elevated structure when a heavy iron bolt in the hands of a workman fell and struck him on the head, glancing off from the hat.

Charles Turner and Anne Hull, from the mountains near Jamonville, eloped to Cumberland, Md., driving there and back, a distance of 160 miles, in a single seated sulky, and were married.

Miss Irene W. Colt, who was married on Monday at Norwich, Conn., to Henry Bronson Graves, has the distinction of being the first girl to pass the examination to Yale college.

Sixteen Indian skulls were found in one mound near Martin, Mich., together with implements of war and a slate upon which peculiar hieroglyphics were written.

The nightingale, it is said, has sixteen different beginnings and closes, with many intermingling notes, while other birds have but four or five changes.

A Western lawyer nearly fainted when requested by a client to secure a postponement of her case so that she might get a better lawyer to try it.

Col. W. H. Root, of Laramie, Wyo., has shipped five elks to "a wealthy gentleman of New York City" and two antelopes to an English lord.

Locomotive engineers are far healthier and longer lived, as a rule, than conductors, in spite of the nervous strain of running fast trains.

The sheriff of Oklahoma county Okla., took possession of a lot of gambling implements and treat them away. Then some one stole them.

In an Eastern matrimonial paper, an Oklahoma farmer advertises for a blonde under 20 years who does not "object to cutting corn."

There is a man living at South Beach, L. I., whose principal means of livelihood is that of hunting for the bodies of drowned people.

Mrs. Martha White, 87 years of age, of Unadilla, N. Y., recently took a two-mile spin on a bicycle.

An audit of the books of Treasurer Michael Finan, of Paulding county, O., shows a shortage of $33,122.

A new census shows the population of St. Paul, Minn., to be 140,292, while that of Minneapolis is 188,000.

No tree has yet been measured taller than the great eucalyptus in Gippsland, Australia, 480 feet high.

In the local option election at Fort Worth, Tex., the city went wet by 4,000 majority.

Joel Good, of Congress, O., violently turner over in bed and broke two ribs.

Tahiti, in the South seas, is now lighted by electric lamps.

MEN AND WOMEN.

Nikola Tesla, whose discovery, three years ago, of the "rotating magnetic field" has almost revolutionized modern electrical methods, believes that it is easily possible at the present time to place 100,000 horse power on a line at Niagara and deliver it to New York or Chicago with a loss in energy of less than 25 per cent.

George Augustus Sala, the well known correspondent and editors of the Daily Telegraph, who is lying ill in Brighton, England, is in such a bad condition financially as well as physically, that a fund has been started by the London press to remove his embarrassment.

On a tombstone in Laudaff Center, N. H., is the following: Widow Susanna Brownson, born August 31, 1692, and died June 12, 1802, aged 109 years." The remarkable part of this record is that Mrs. Brownson lived in the seventeenth, eighteenth and nineteenth centuries.

T. T. Sherman, youngest son of the late Gen. William T. Sherman, has political ambition. He has announced himself as a candidate for one of the New York Assembly districts and has secured the support of Gen. Wager Swayne.

A daughter of Gen. Custer, Mrs. Margaret Custer Calhoun, has been invited by the Board of Women Managers to read a paper on "Blue and Gray day," September 21, at the Atlanta exposition.

Mrs. Wentworth, a Philadelphia widow, surprised her friends by decorating her bicycle with crape when she went cycling a few days after the death of her husband.

A movement has been started in the South to erect a monument to the memory of Anne Lee Carter, the mother of Gen. Robert E. Lee.

John D. Rockefeller, jr., although only 21 years of age, relieves his father of most of the cares of his great business.

Abram S. Hewitt, the well known New York reformer, was professor of mathematics at Columbia college fifty years ago.

It is said that of all parliamentary debaters to-day no man is less dependent on notes than is the Marquis of Salisbury.

Mrs. Lois Eames Wood, of Worcester, Mass., celebrated her 101st birthday last week. She is still active and vigorous.

A woman has just been appointed assistant city treasurer of Bangore, Me.

Miss Virginia Fair is an expert ventriloquist.

NOTABLES THE WORLD OVER.

Lord Chancellor Halsbury's hobby is sword exercise.

Lord Rosebery's fad is collecting odds and ends connected with Napoleon the Great.

The members of cyclists' club in Milan are to present a golden bicycle to Queen Margaret of Italy.

Mr. Solomon Solomon, the artist, is short, slim, straight, good-looking, a little conceited, and apt at times to be quick-tempered. His success as an artist has been well deserved and quick, moreover, in coming, for Mr. Solomon is only just past his thirties. His home, at one time in Paris, is now in St. John's Wood.

One of the great heroes of the Lisbon arenas is the toreador Peixinho. He perhaps derives his name, which is Portuguese for "little fish," from an instrument he often uses in the ring. This is a small iron stick, with a pointed end. He will toss this, with unerring aim, at a bull which is the length of the ring away.

The Emperor of China, Kuang Hsu, was 24 last month. He cannot appear in public, and when he goes abroad it is usually in a close sedan chair, with guards along each side of the road to prevent intruders from staring at his sacred person. He lives in a great palace, surrounded by a wall, through which nobody but the court officials ever penetrates without special permission.

Abas Pasha, the young Khedive of Egypt, always has his mother with him, and she takes precedence above all his adlivers. She is said to be one of the most beautiful women in Egypt. In addition to being the cleverest. The Khedive lives the life of a well-to-do English farmer. On his large model farm he has established a model village, with school, club and mosque, and a fire-engine of modern manufacture.

GOOD HEALTH FOR WOMEN.

Nervous headaches are often brought about by the abuses of tea and coffee, many women indulging in both of these beverages to excess, and preferring them to good solid food.

Camphor, though an old-fashioned remedy, is a very good one, and should be rubbed into the painful part. Hot flannels are also very soothing applied to the head, and in some cases ice chopped and laid between flannel and applied to the forehead will induce sleep.

A woman desires nothing more than she does a good figure, yet many women spoil their complexion and general appearance under the impression that smallness of waist constitutes their greatest beauty. They compress themselves into corsets sizes too small, and the result is indigestion, a bad complexion, and an accumulation of disorders most difficult to cure.

Hygienically speaking, the waist, with corset on, should measure just twice the circumference of the neck. Very few waists nowadays would stand such a test, it is to be feared.

High shoulders, abnormally large hips, varicose veins, rounded backs, pimples, red nose, curvature of the spine and internal affections are all apt to result from this practice of tight lacing.

Many women lace under the impression that men admire small waists. It is a great mistake, for every man of any common sense whatever has no liking for an abnormally compressed figure.

THE TEN PRIZE WINNERS.

Below we give the list of club-raisers who are the winners of the ten grand prizes we offered to the ten persons who should send us the largest number of subscribers during the months of June, July and August.

We have been obliged to make certain corrections, which changes the awards somewhat. These errors were not due to carelessness, but to the illness at the time of the clerk who had the records in charge. A portion of these was mislaid, and not found until after the list was made up:

1.—Blade Sewing Machine—George T. Stowell, Helena, Mont.; 452 subscribers.
2.—Blade Sewing Machine—T. Beckenwoogen, Colorado Springs, Colo.; 403 subscribers.
3.—Blade Sewing Machine—John Smith, Box 67, Burlingame, Kan.; 320 subscribers.
4.—Hunting Case Gold Watch—W. H. Curry, Iowa Center, Iowa; 340 subscribers.
5.—Hunting Case Gold Watch—O. P. Anderson, Osceola, Iowa; 313 subscribers.
6.—Hunting Case Gold Watch—C. H. Anderson, Omro, Wis.; 313 subscribers.
7.—Blade Decorated Dinner Set—F. M. Selg, Corydon, Ind.; 291 subscribers.
8.—Blade Decorated Dinner Set—J. E. Woodward, sr., Lock Box 73, Salina, Kan.; 248 subscribers.
9.—Blade Decorated Dinner Set—W. E. Love, Milan, Tenn.; 225 subscribers.
10.—Blade Decorated Dinner Set—J. N. Legard, Halstead, Kan.; 220 subscribers.

These premiums will be sent to the persons entitled thereto within the present month. We will wait a few days, in case of further errors, if any one should report any such claim.

CURRENT EVENTS.

The empress of Germany is a good public speaker.

For three generations a Nor

CUT PAPER PATTERNS.

Splendid Offer to Lady Readers of the Blade.

LADIES' JACKET.

Gray melton is here stylishly finished with coat lapels and collar of black velvet, the edge of this natty English jacket being simply finished with machine stitching in tailor style. The English walking hat of gray felt is neatly trimmed with black velvet. As one of the newest modes this jacket will be found convenient and jaunty for cool days. It is single

6529—LADIES' JACKET

breasted, the curved fronts closing from below the lapels to just under the waist line, with dark pearl buttons, the lower edges being gracefully rounded off. Single bust darts adjust the fronts neatly, the lower portions rippling back of the darts. The back, side back, and under-arm gores fit with glove-like exactness, falling below the waist line in stylish ripples, that may be stiffened with hair cloth to give the fashionable flaring effect if so desired. The gigot sleeves are decidedly bouffant above the elbow, outlining the arm close to the wrists, where they are stylishly completed with machine stitching and buttons to simulate round cuffs. Jackets in this style can be stylishly developed to match the skirt in plain or mixed cheviot, tweed, cloth, serge, vicuna or homespun. Light-weight coatings in tan, brown, blue, gray or black make stylish and useful jackets by the mode. Special attention given to the pressing of all seams and free edges on the wrong side, first laying a damp cloth between the hot iron and the material, will insure a finish equal to the best tailor-made garment.

The quantity of 44-inch wide material required to make this jacket for a lady having a 32-inch bust measure is 3 1-4 yards; for a 36-inch size, 3 1-2 yards; for a 40-inch size, 3 3-4 yards; and a 42-inch size, 4 yards.

The pattern, which is No. 6,529 and retails for 25 cents, is cut in six sizes, for a 32-inch, 34-inch, 36-inch, 38-inch, 40-inch and 42-inch bust measure.

LADY'S CORSAGE.

Prune and canary are the colors displayed in the fancy taffeta, here combined stylishly with mauve cashmere. Bows of mauve satin ribbon are used for decoration. The prettily draped pouch front of cashmere has a round yoke facing of taffeta that closes at the left shoulder seam. It is arranged over glove-fitted linings that close in centre front, the left front being faced with taffeta. The seamless back fits smoothly and is separated from the fronts by under-arm gores that complete the adjustment. Fashionable full gigot sleeves are shaped by a single seam and hang gracefully over the arms. Fancy stock collar and crush belt of taffeta complete this very stylish waist. Rich combinations of velvet and silk, crepon and taffeta, or satin with crepe, will develop handsomely by the mode. Henrietta, fayetta,

6522—LADIES' CORSAGE

crepon or other soft woolens can be used alone, or in combination with silk, as here portrayed.

The quantity of 44-inch wide material required to make this waist for a lady having a 32-inch bust measure is 2 1-2 yards; for a 36-inch size, 3 3-4 yards; for a 40-inch size, 4 yards.

The pattern, which is No. 6,522 and retails for 25 cents, is cut in five sizes, for a 32-inch, 34-inch 36-inch, 38-inch and 40-inch bust measure.

LADY'S BICYCLE SUIT.

Consisting of Cycle Basque, Circular Skirt and Cycle Trousers.

Each garment here presented is adapted with special fitness to the purpose for which it is designed. Dark green cheviot is the material chosen, the finish being strictly in tailor style with machine stitching and the only decoration pretty round gilt buttons that close the basque in front. The comfortable trousers are intended to take the place of petticoats or underskirts. They are amply full and are adjusted at the waist by gathers that fit into a straight band, that closes at the left side, and below each knee with elastic inserted in the hem or facing at the edges. These are worn over gaiters made to match the suit, the tops passing under the trousers. The skirt in circular shape is of modest and convenient length, faced at the lower edge and stitched in tailor fashion. Fitting smoothly at the top in front and on the sides, it falls in undulating folds from below the hips, allowing freedom of motion and preventing the uncomfortable girding across the knees when riding that is

6476-6477-6478—LADIES' BICYCLE SUIT

objectionable in the ordinary skirt. The basque is glove-fitting, being easy and graceful, a pretty yoke covers the back and fronts which is extended, faced and reversed in front to form stylish lapels that meet the rolling collar in notches. Stylish box-plaits that narrow at the waist line are applied to fronts and back, starting from under yoke to lower edge of basque. Handsome full gigot sleeves stand out stylishly from plaits at the shoulders outline the arm in coat style below the elbow. Suits in this style are desirable for rowing, mountain climbing, tennis, golf playing or other sports where the ordinary skirts and underskirts are cumbersome and in the way. Plain, mixed or checked cheviot tweed, cloth, serge, homespun and vicuna are the materials usually employed for suits by the mode. Proper attention to the details of pressing all seams and free edges on the wrong side with a damp cloth laid between the hot iron and the material will insure a finish equal to the best tailor made.

The quantity of 44 in. wide material required to make this bicycle basque for lady with 32 in. breast measure is 3 1-2 yards; 36 in. size, 3 3-4 yards; 40 in. size, 4 yards. Of the same width of material it will require for a 22 in. size, 2 3-4 yards for skirt and 3 3-4 yards for trousers; for a 26 in. size, 3 yards for skirt and 4 yards for trousers.

Patterns for the basque of this bicycle suit are cut for sizes, 32 in., 34 in., 36 in., 38 in. and 40 in. breast measure; the skirt sizes are cut for 22 in., 24 in., 26 in., 28 in. and 30 in. waist measure; and the trouser sizes are cut for 22 in., 26 in. and 30 in. waist measure. Patterns for the waist retail at twenty-five cents; for the skirt and trousers thirty cents each.

LADY'S BASQUE, WITH VEST.

Mordore-brown cloth made this stylish basque, the pointed vest being of French plaid, showing dark blue, brown and yellow in its mixed coloring. Braid and gilt buttons furnish suitable decoration, the vest closing with smaller buttons to match. Single bust darts adjust the vest fronts perfectly, these being included with the cutaway front portions in the shoulder and under-arm seams. The basque back flares in rounded godets, produced by the shaping of the seams below the waist line. The under-arm gores meet the side back in points at

6525—LADIES' BASQUE WITH VEST

each side. Added to the close-fitted standing collar of plaid is a flaring portion half its depth, that stands out modishly around the neck in front. Stylish gigot sleeves have the fullness gathered at the top which fit the arm closely below the elbow, and are completed at the wrists by a band of braid. The mode is desirable for combination gowns of plain wool, or silk, with plaid, striped or fancy or mixed fabrics, so popular this season.

The quantity of 44 in. wide material required to make this basque for a lady having a 32 in. bust measure is 3 3-8 yards; for a 36 in. size, 3 5-8 yards; for a 40 in. size, 3 7-8 yards.

Patterns for making No. 6525 are cut in five sizes, for a 32 in., 34 in., 36 in., 38 in., and 40 in. measure, and retail for 25 cents.

READ THE OFFER:

The above pattern or patterns will be mailed to any address for only ten cents each. We will fill orders from any person, whether a regular or occasional reader of The Blade. In ordering, address "Pattern Department, Blade, Toledo, Ohio," enclose ten cents silver for each pattern wanted, (do not send stamps if you can obtain other funds) State both title and number of pattern. No coupon required.

Full descriptions and directions—as the number of yards of material required, the number and names of the different pieces in the pattern, how to cut and fit and put the garment together—are sent with each pattern, with a picture of the garment to go by. These patterns are complete in every particular, there being a separate pattern for every single piece of the dress.

For ladies' give BUST measure in inches. For SKIRT pattern, give WAIST measure in inches. For misses, boys, girls or children, give BREAST measure in inches. Order patterns by number and give size in inches.

To get BUST and BREAST measure, put the tape measure all of the way around the body, over the dress, close under the arms.

THE EVOLUTION OF BESSIE.

FROM BONNET TO CAP.

Oh, Bessie has bought her a bonnet of red
And started afoot for the ball;
She never was minding a word that I said
Or looking about for my call.
Quit mourning, quit mourning, good mother, I say,
She maybe will linger to talk on the way;
I'll follow the truant as well as I may,
And catch her, whatever befall.

Oh, Bessie has bought her a bonnet of blues,
And started to ride to the ball;
She's taken the speediest horse that she knew,
The swiftest that stood in the stall.

"AND BLOOMERS DISTRESSINGLY SMALL."

Quit mourning, good mother, it might have been worse;
There's many a mount that is better than hers;
I'll follow her closely with saddle and purse,
And catch her, whatever befall.

Oh, Bessie has bought her a coat and a cap,
And started to wheel to the ball,
With only a bit of a skirt for a lap,
And bloomers distressingly small!
Keep mourning, good mother, your sobbings repeat;
For, whether her going be tardy or fleet,
I never should know her if her I should meet;
We're lucky to catch her at all!
—Will Carleton.

A Misunderstanding.

"Since your marriage to Miss Scadds have you been living at the old manse?"

"Nope, at the old lady's; the old man is dead."

Publishers' Column.

NICKEL SILVER TABLE WARE.

It is Better Than Plated Stuff and Saves Much Worry.

We are now enabled to offer to subscribers of The Blade (and to subscribers only, remember, teaspoons, dessert spoons, tablespoons and forks made of a composition known as nickel silver which so closely resembles solid silver that an expert might be deceived. It is indestructible does not tarnish so easily as solid silver from exposure to the air, and it is finished in the same manner as the solid silver goods. The patterns are no thicker than solid silver.

Prices.

They are sent by registered mail, postpaid, at the following prices:

1 doren teaspoons	$1 25
½ dozen teaspoons	65
1 dozen tablespoons or forks	2 25
½ dozen tablespoons or forks	1 15
1 dozen dessert spoons or forks	2 00
½ dozen dessert spoons or forks	1 05
1 dozen table knives	2 25
½ dozen table knives	1 25

These are made in only the one pattern. They are not sent by express. There can be no variation from these offers. Only subscribers to The Blade can buy at these prices, but they can buy as much as they like.

THE BLADE'S SILVER DISCUSSION.

SEVENTH PAPER—BY WM. DODSWORTH, AN AUTHORITY.

A Clear Exposition of a Coming Financial Issue.

The following article, by Mr. Wm. Dodsworth, is especially valuable at this time. It is admitted that the free silver at 16 to 1 crusade has spent its force. All inteligent men have abandoned it; but they are turning to the acknowledged defects of our paper circulation, and seeking a wise remedy therefor. Mr. Dodsworth discusses our bank note circulation, and gives his views as to needed legislation. The article will be esteemed as of the highest value by all sincere students of financial problems.

BANK NOTE CIRCULATION.

BY W. DODSWORTH

The editor of the Toledo Blade asks the following pregnant questions:

(1.) "Is our present system of bank-note currency adequate? (2.) If not, how shall it be reformed? (3.) And especially to how great an extent is provision for state bank circulation desirable or practicable?"

Each of these queries would require columns of The Blade's space for an answer commensurate with the practical importance of the subject. With my brief allowance of words, therefore, I have before me a task of condensation of mere propositions, at the expense of forfeiting due evidence and argument. The simple statement of a case is largely conclusive, however, if th case is so fortunate as to carry the force of self-evidence.

I. Our present bank note system fails to meet some of the chief requirements which a bank currency should satisfy.

(1.) If the current imperative sound money demand for the abrogation of the outstanding $500,000,000 of greenbacks and Sherman notes is to be obeyed, the conditions upon which bank notes may now be issued would make it absolutely impossible to provide compensation for the consequent large contraction of our paper circulation. That is a factor of prime consideration in the treatment of this currency question.

(2.) Another potent factor in the currency situation is that it does not pay the banks to issue notes under the present bond form of guaranty; and hence, for the last twelve years, the issues have been steadily declining until their volume has fallen to one-half its former amount, while the national requirements for circulation have been steadily increasing. Proposition No. 2 thus confirms proposition No. 1. This is a consideration which concerns the banks far less than it does the public at large; who have to endure the consequences of a systematic obstruction to adequate issues of sound currency, and therefore, in large sections, have been induced to accept intrinsically depreciated silver money.

(3.) The existing guaranty of the national bank note can not be permanent. The bonds deposited as security are steadily approaching maturity; and when they have been liquidated, some other form of guaranty must be provided. The securing of the notes by bonds was merely a convenient expedient of war finance, now no longer needed or eligible, and the non-permanency of the guaranty constitutes a fundamental defect of the notes. The most opportune time to remedy that defect is when our currency arrangements are undergoing a permanent revision. Postponement only leaves the inevitable change to be made under conditions possibly less favorable to sound monetary principles, and, in the meantime, leaves a large and unsettling factor undetermined.

(4.) The volume of the present bank currency is totally inelastic; one of the worst possible faults of any form of circulation. As above shown, it does not and can not expand responsively to growing requirements for circulation. Equally, it fails to automatically contract, through redemptions, when the volume is redundant. The redemptions made through conversions proper now average only about $30,000,000 per year; while those of the Suffolk Bank, of the notes of New England institutions, in 1857, amounted to thirteen times that sum, which shows the utter uselessness of the treasury redemption bureau as a means of regulating the volume of notes.

(5.) The distribution or the issuing of national bank notes is geographically unequal. The banks of the Eastern and Middle states issue 63 per cent of the total existing circulation, while the population of those sections is only 37 per cent of that of the whole country. Thus, the South and the West with 73 per cent of our population, controls the issuing of but 37 per cent of our total bank currency. And yet the proportion of business transactions sealed by cash, as distinguished from checks, is immeasurably greater, both actually and relatively, in the larger geographical division than in the smaller. The following figures demand impartial consideration:

	Notes outstanding in '93.	Population, '90.
Eastern and Middle states	$131,000,788	17,401,545
All other states	77,735,907	45,252,757
Total United States	$208,826,695	62,654,302

There is here a wholly unwarrantable sectional discrimination, for which the law is indirectly, but not therefore the less really, responsible.

The foregoing are but specimens of the many points on which "the present system of bank note currency is inadequate."

II. I am next asked, How should the present system of bank note currency be reformed? I answer:

(1) By a change in the nature of the guaranty against the notes. Instead of a security devised as a transient expedient and with a view to extraneous purposes we need one that is germane to the obligations issued; that is not only sound in itself but always available; that affords a legitimate measure of the amount of notes the bank may safely issue, and which equally indicates the measure of the amount of circulation the public requires; and, above all, a security that admits of ready realization in the interest of the note-holders. The true idea of a bank note guaranty is not to shield the note debt by propping it with another and unguaranteed debt, however high the credit of the guaranteeing debtor may stand. The backing should be in the form of positive assets, readily convertible into cash. Those assets should represent real property for which there is a constant market. The assets of a bank truly express the nature of such a guaranty; and the notes of a bank therefore find their truest protection in constituing them a first lien on the entire assets of the bank. As, however, cases of bank insolvency might arise in which the assets were insufficient to entirely cover the note liabilities, and as public opinion and the public interest demand that no bank notes shall be allowed to fall of full payment, it would be proper that also the stockholders of the bank should be held liable for the payment of its notes up to the full amount of their respective holdings of stock. It goes without demonstration that such a guaranty would be far stronger than that now provided against national bank notes.

(2). Beyond this material guaranty certain prudential protections must be provided, especially limitations upon issuing and arrangements for expediting redemption. Here brevity limits me to the suggestion that notes should not be issued, nor kept in circulation, in excess of the equivalent of 75 per cent. of the paid-up and unimpaired capital; from which it would follow that impairments of capital would compel contractions of circulation to an extent that would largely protect the noteholders. To make such protection effective, however, a system of official supervision would be needed which would compel, with penalty if necessary, the prompt revelation of impairments of capital. It would also be needful, to the still more complete protection of the noteholder, that arrangements be instituted for affording the utmost facility for enforcing redemption of the notes when banks or private holders desired their conversion.

(3.) The procedure best adapted for bringing about these changes would seem to be the enactment of a general federal bank currency law, authorizing any incorporated bank to issue notes in compliance with such conditions of guaranty, limitation and redemption as are above suggested; and also providing a system of federal administration for the rigid enforcement of the conditions of issue. Such a law should relate to no other functions of banking than that of issuing circulating notes; nor need it prevent any national bank from continuing to issue under the now existing conditions that may so elect, but it should concede the privilege of issue upon the suggested new conditions to every corporate bank, whether national or state, whilst the 10 per cent. tax might be allowed to stand as a preventive of issues on other conditions than prescribed by the new law. This I conceive to be as near an approach to free banking as any prudent banker would desire, and as the convenience and safety of the public would require.

III. The foregoing suggestions largely anticipate the answer I would give to the third suggestion, "to how great an extent is provision for state bank circulation desirable or practicable?"

(1.) I am unable to see any impracticability in restoring to the state institutions the privilege of issuing notes on such conditions as are above outlined; nor can I conceive why paper issued by the state banks under the suggested conditions of guaranty, limitation and supervision, should not be as sound and as eligible as notes now issued by the national banks or that might be put out by them under these proposed conditions. Such a programme need raise no question of state rights or of federal powers; nor, in view of the healing and beneficent effects of such a settlement of this vexatious question, is it at all likely that objection on any such grounds would be raised. A currency based upon such conditions would be strictly national in its character, and the propriety of congress legislating in the matter therefore could not be consistently challenged. If such an act of congress were found to clash with the banking laws of some of the states, such states would find it to their interest to adjust their statutes to the new situations rather than forego the re-enfranchisement of their banks.

(2.) As opening up a new resource of sound circulation, the restoration of the right of issue to the state banks would be an immense boon to the whole country. To the South and West it would afford a large supply of local currency, thereby emancipating those sections from a crippling dependence on other sections for harvesting and marketing their crops. That untrammeling of fifty millions of our population would prove an invaluable stimulus to the national enterprise, from which every section would equally benefit. With the present capital of the state banks, they could, under the conditions suggested, add $225,000,000 to our bank circulation. Those issues, occurring as they would chiefly within the sections affected by the free-coinage fever, would be accepted in lieu of further additions to our silver circulation. At the same time, a most important contribution would be made to the large new supply of currency that would be indispensable to the retirement of the greenbacks and Sherman notes. Beyond these considerations of interest, there is a great question of political justice in this issue. At present the law constitutes the right of note issuing a monopoly of a certain class of banks; and, worst of all, the monopoly has become largely a sectional one. This inequity has been endured with marvellous patience for 30 years. That endurance cannot be expected to continue much longer. The sections chiefly suffering have a majority of votes that can enforce their will at pleasure. Is it not therefore wise to settle this question equitably now that the whole country is unanimous in the demand for a revision of our currency arrangements?

W. Dodsworth

TRY THIS EXPERIMENT.

All You Need is a Sun-Glass, Empty Bottle and Thread.

A very pretty experiment may be made with a sun-glass, an empty bottle and a piece of thread. Let the bottle be of clear glass, not colored. In the lower end of the cork fix a bent pin and to the pin attach a piece of thread,

not long enough to touch the bottom of the bottle. Tie a shoe button or something of light weight to the thread to make the latter hang straight.

Now, having procured a sun-glass, which you know is nothing but a lens convex on both sides, and having selected a day when the sun is shining and a place where you may avail yourself of its rays you are ready for the experiment.

You may, if you choose, pretend that you are going to perform a little feat of magic; if so, tell the spectators that you intend to cut the thread in the bottle without touching the cork, or the bottle either. Then let some one put sealing wax on the cork in such a way that the seal could not be broken without detection.

Having made these preparations, leave the room for a moment, and go to a window or a door where the sun is shining. There with your sun-glass focus the rays upon the thread in the bottle, and you will soon burn it in two with the heat. Take the bottle back to the spectators, and let them guess how you performed the feat. Of course they must not know anything about the sun glass until you are ready to give them an explanation.

This experiment will also illustrate a phenomenon that we talked to you about a few weeks ago—the passage of the sun's heat through glass without heating it; for you will find that while the focused rays burn the thread in two, they do not heat that part of the bottle through which they pass, or any other part.

Coffee and Tea.

The people of this country drink eight times as much coffee as tea.

She has gone through his trousers,
His wife, his helpmeet—
Now with her hands,
Now with her feet.

DON'T.

"I'm tired of 'don'ts'," said Margaret B.
"Just as tired of 'don'ts' as I can be,
For it's 'don't' do this, and 'don't' do that,
'Don't' worry the dog, 'don't' scare the cat,
'Don't' be untidy, and 'don't' be vain,
'Don't' interrupt, 'don't' do it again,
'Don't' bite your nails, 'don't' gobble your food,
'Don't' speak so loud, it's dreadfully rude,
'Don't' number your words, 'don't' say 'I won't,'
Oh! all day long it's nothing but 'don't't'
Some time or other I hope—'don't' you'—
Some one or other will say, 'Please do!'"
—Harper's Round Table.

Unappreciated Sympathy.

Out at Roger Williams park the other day, a scorcher, who was making the dust fly, ran into an obstruction and was thrown from his wheel, striking on his head. As he got up another wheelman came along, and inquired with that sympathetic simplicity usually manifested in such cases, "What did you strike?" The scorcher paused in his labor of brushing off his clothes, and, putting his face together again, where sundry portions of it had come off in the shuffle, replied, "The ground, you blankety blank fool what did you suppose?" The sympathetic wheelman fled.—Providence Journal.

LATEST FASHION NOVELTY.

Belts and Belt Buckles Are the Present Fad.

Belts have been an important feature of woman's dress all summer and will be more in evidence this autumn.

Some of the most elegant belts in quality are made of firmly woven silk elastic, the surface being of satin finish. These vary in width from five to eight inches, accordingly as one's physique demands curtailing or enlargment to produce the desired effect.

They can be had in colors, and are fastened by elongated clasps and novel buckles conforming to the depth of the belt. These are worn with empire gowns to produce the short-waist characteristic of this style of dress.

By reason of its elasticity it permits of the free and graceful motion of the body, which is an additional advantage to women who affect the wearing of the belt.

One in gold, which has all the air of a military belonging, has a shield-shape buckle which is radiant with rhinestones deeply imbedded in the gilt. Another an inch and a half in width, is brought together by a pliable strap of soft kid. There seems to be an earnest effort on the part of Dame Fashion to revive the peasant

girdle, and the various innovations she is making are but stepping-stones in this direction.

With cheviot or wool fabrics of a heavy order leather belts, either suede or kid, may be worn with propriety. For a silken bodice and crepon skirt choose a metal belt. If your dress is of some soft material, which hangs in graceful clinging folds, make yourself bewitching in a seven-inch girdle, which gives you apparent length of

NEW SEVEN-INCH BELT.

limb and a svelte figure. Much individuality may be expressed by the young woman who pays attention to the minor details of capricious styles and whose fancy has opportunity for display in collecting her belts for fall wear. Fancy may run riot with her better judgment in this instance, but it is permissible.

Silk Production.

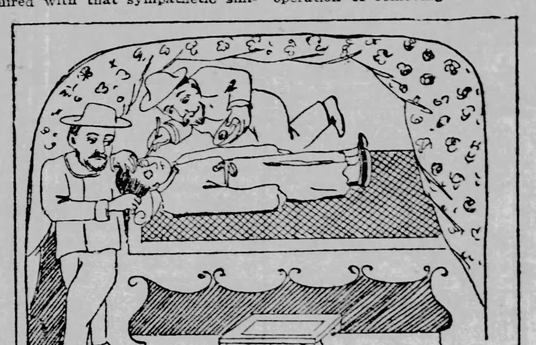
The silk production of the world was 34,167,905 pounds in 1893.

ANTI-CHRISTIAN CARTOONS.

HEATHEN PICTURES AT THE BOTTOM OF THE CHINESE RIOTS.

Missionaries Are Supposed to Use Chinamen's Eyes in Making Silver.

The recent massacres of missionaries in China were caused in great measure by various cartoons printed for the purpose of stirring up feeling against the Christians. In the part of China where these atrocities took place there has for years been a growing notion that the presence of Christians was highly detrimental to the welfare of the native population, that the missionaries preached a doctrine which was heretical and blasphemous and that they practiced all manner of cruelties. In an accompanying illustration a missionary will be observed engaged in the interesting surgical operation of removing a Chinaman's



eye. The operation is not a strictly surgical one, for it is not supposed to result in any benefit to the victim. In fact, as is stated in the letter press accompanying the picture, the agents of Christianity pleasingly styled the "Heg sect" practice this barbarity on native Chinese converts, because they (the missionaries) well know that by properly combining the eye of a Chinaman with molten lead the mixture may be made to produce silver. After attributing such bloodthirsty practices and mercenary motives to the humble missionaries, the cartoon hints in an inscription to the right, that "You foreigners scoop out the eyes of men, and men will scoop out your eyes."

Another cartoon bears the title "The Beating of the Devils and the Burning of the Books." The "devils" are the "foreigners" usually referred to by the Chinese by a word which the missionaries have interpreted to mean "foreign devils." The picture hardly requires any explanation and as far

as its perfect lucidity is concerned, may be termed a model of cartoon construction. It will be seen on the left hand side of the picture that those who superintend the conflagration are experiencing the disagreeable odor arising from the consuming volumes. The artist has very cleverly conveyed this idea by the simple expedient of making these persons hold their noses, at the same time imparting to their countenances an expression which may be interpreted to signify disgust or nausea. This is the effect which, it is suggested, the Scriptures and tracts circulated by the missionaries have on the natives.

In still another picture two of the foreign devils are represented in the act of attempting to introduce the doctrine of Christianity among the

disciples of Confucius. This allegory adopted by the artist shows the doctrines of Christianity as a hog, which is being borne by two foreign devils to the door of Confucius. This worthy will have nothing of it.

These cartoons have been selected from a book which once was the property of the murdered missionary, Mr. Stewart. Very few of the remaining cartoons are of a sort that could be reproduced by a newspaper in a civilized country. Mr. Stewart's book is an exact copy of much of the Chinese incendiary literature which is published in Hunan. Boats are loaded at Hunan with handbills, posters, placards and pamphlets, and (it is suspected by the connivance of the government)are disseminated from there throughout the Chinese empire. The Chinese title of the book containing the cartoons was "The Chinese Picture Gallery," and its circulation was sedulously pushed forward by means of private subscriptions, the object being not to make any money by the sale of copies, but simply to stir up inflammatory sentiment against the missionaries. It can be readily understood that such instruments are far more effective than pamphlets or printed documents which, to a large part of the people, would be unintelligible. The cartoon is admirably calculated to convey in a second an idea which it would require minutes to explain in letter press. And its advantage is still more striking among a people who are largely illiterate.

The hostile feeling of the Chinese of the Yangste valley can hardly be appreciated by us who are so far from the scene. Perhaps we gain a faint notion of it upon the occurrence of the massacres such as those which took place last month. The ignorance of the nations has afforded a fertile field for the planting of all sorts of the most ridiculous and outrageous delusions. Many of the Chinese inhabitants of this district charge the Christians with "the abomination" which,

THE HOOPSKIRT OF 1859 MAY RETURN TO FASHION.

curiously enough, were charged against the early church at Rome—child murder, mutilation, uncleanliness and other deeds of darkness. It is said that those who publish and circulate the cartoons are men of refinement and cultivation. The artists are selected with great care.

OLD FAVORITES.

Published by request.

THE FORECLOSURE OF THE MORTGAGE.

Walk right in the settin'-room, Deacon,
it's all in a muddle you see,
But I hain't no heart to right it, so I've
jest let everything be.
Besides I'm a-goin' to-morrow—I kalkilate to start with the dawn—
And the house won't seem so home-like
if it's all upset and forlorn.
I sent off the children this morning;
they both of them begged to stay,
But I thought 'twould be easier, mebbe,
if I was alone to-day.
For this was the very day, Deacon, just
twenty years ago,
That Caleb an' me moved in; so I
couldn't forgit, you know.
He was so busy and happy!—we'd been
married a month before—
And Caleb would clear the table an'
brush up the kitchen floor.
He said I was tired an' he'd help me;
but law! that was always his way—
Always handy, and helpful, and kind,
to the very last day.
Don't you remember, Deacon, that winter I broke my arm?
Why Caleb skursly left me, not even to
tend to the farm.
There night and morning I saw him,
a-settin' so close to my bed,
And I knew him in spite of the fever
that made me so wild in my head.
He never did nothin' to grieve me, until
he left me behind—
Yes, I know there's no use in talkin',
but somehow it eases my mind:
And he sot so much store by you,
Deacon, I needn't tell you now,
But unless he had your judgment, he
never would buy a cow.
Well, our cow has gone, and the horse,
too—poor Caleb was fond of Jack—
And I cried like a fool this morning
when I looked at the empty rack.
I hope he'll be kindly treated; 'twould
worry poor Caleb so
If them Joneses should whip that creeter
—but I s'pose he ain't like to know.
I've been thinkin' it over lately, that
when Mary sickened and died,
Her father's sperret was broken, for she
was allus his pride.
He wasn't never so cheery; he'd smile,—
but the smile wa'n't bright,
And he didn't care for the cattle, though
once they'd been his delight.
The neighbors all said he was allin',
and they tried to hint it to me;
They'd "send a doctor over," and "call
in a hurry-yard cough;
but oh! the blind are those who
won't see.
I never believed he was goin' till I saw
him a-lyin' here dead.
There, there, don't be anxious, Deacon;
I haven't no tears to shed.
I've tried to keep things together—I've
been slavin' early and late—
But I couldn't pay the interest, nor git
the farm worked straight.
So of course I've gone behindhand, and
if the farm should sell
For enough to pay the mortgage, I
s'pose 'twill be doin' well.
I've prayed against all hard feelin's,
and to walk as a Christian ought,
But it's hard to see Caleb's children
turned out of the place he bought;
And readin' that text in the Bible 'bout
widows and orphans, you know,
I can't think the folks will prosper who
are willin' to see us go.
But there! I'm a-keepin' you, Deacon,
and it's night your time for tea.
"Won't I come over?" No, thank you;
I feel better alone, you see.
Besides, I couldn't eat nothin'; whenever I've tried it to-day,
There's something here that chokes me.
I'm narvous, I s'pose you'll say,
"I've worked too hard?" No, I haven't.
Why, it's work that keeps me
strong.
If I set here thinkin', I'm sartin my
heart would break before long.
Not that I care about livin', I'd ruther
be laid away
In the place I've marked beside Caleb,
to rest till the judgment day.
But there's the children to think of—
that makes my dooty clear.
And I'll try to follow it, Deacon, though
I'm tired of this earthly sphere.
Good-by, then. I shan't forgit you, nor
all the kindness you've showed.
'Twill help to cheer me to-morrow as I
go on my lonely road.
For—be part you sayin', Deacon? I
needn't—I needn't go?
You've bought the mortgage and I can
stay? Stop, say it over slow!
Jest wait now—jest wait a minute—I'll
take in time by and by.
That I can stay. Why Deacon, I don't
—don't know what makes me cry?
I haven't no word to thank you. Ef
Caleb was only here,
He'd seed a heap for—speakin' he'd
make my feelins clear.
There's a picter in our Bible of an angel
from the skies,
And though he hasn't no great coat and
no spectacles on his eyes,
He looks just like you, Deacon, with
your smile so good and trew,
And whenever I see that picter, 'twill
make me think of you.
The children will be so happy! Why,
Debby will 'most go wild;
He fretted so much at leavin' her behind, poor child!
And, law! I'm as glad as Debby, ef
only for jest one thing—
Now I can tend the posies I planted,
last spring
On Caleb's grave; he loved the flowers,
and it seems as ef he'll know
They're a-bloomin' all around him while
he's sleepin' there below.
—Mrs. E. T. Corbett.

SEPTEMBER SUNSHINE.

The day of the blossom is over, the clematis twines its wreath;
The lace flower waves in the meadow, the corn is ripe in the sheath;
Sweet in the air is the scent of the vine, the orchard bends with its load;
Armies with banners in serried ranks march upon every road;
Golden-rod, sumac, and aster are guarding each wayside pass,
And the honeyed waft of the aftermath drifts from the sprinsing grass.
Lazily homeward wings the bee when his spoils are gathered in;
The tree toad hides in the shadowy wood, the illest that fell nor spite.
That listen all night to the crickets and sway in the moonlit dew.
Stand taper and tall in the sunshine the beauty long day through.
Fair is the royal September, and rich is the wine outpoured
In these hours of blithe fulfillment at Nature's bounteous board;
For the hour of the blossom is over, the hour of the bud in blow,
And here is the crown of summer, ere yet 'tis her time to go.
With the lace-flowers white in the meadow, the clematis twining its wreath,
Purple the grape in the cluster, and ripened the corn in the cheath.
—Harper's Bazar.

HOOPSKIRT MAY RETURN.

Some Modistes Believe That It Will Become Fashionable.

All sorts of rumors are going the rounds of the fashionable modistes regarding the fashions which will prevail for the fall and winter. Some ever that stiffening of all kinds is being abandoned for skirts, and that the tendeacy is toward a decrease rather than an increase in style.

Others assert that haircloth will continue in use and that sleeves and skirts will be larger than ever.

Another chronicler of fashions asserts that the hoopskirt is bound to be with us again before another six months. We can only hope that the first woman to reappear in one will not share the fate of her unfortunate sister who wore one in the streets of New York in 1760. She was arrested by the police.

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DAINTY DANDIE DINMONTS.

Mrs. Peel Hewitt and Her Kennel Pets in England.

As a change from the taste for oddities in pet dogs—the Japanese spaniels, black pugs and hairless Mexicans—it is pleasing to note that the sterling breed, the Dandie Dinmonts, are again the "pink of fashion" as house

CHAMPION TARTAN CHIEF.

hold pets in England. One of the most famous kennels at the bench shows is owned by Mrs. Peel Hewitt, who became an exhibitor by accident.

According to the Ladies' Pictorial of London, which also gives some fine pictures of the dogs, Mrs. Hewitt had kept the Dandies for years, but simply as pets and without a thought of silver cups and blue ribbons, when the fate brought her to visit friends at Ayr, and the Ayr dog show came off while she was in the town. Her friends induced her to enter Tommy Atkins, the especial pet, and his excellencies were so much appreciated by the judges that he received first honors in a field of no less than twenty-four dogs. This was the begining of fame, for Tommy and his companions have lately been seen among the prize winners at most of the large exhibits.

Tommy Atkins came into Mrs. Peel Hewitt's possesion when he was only six months old, and until three years ago he was without a rival in her affections and ruled with undisputed sway the two little doggies of the opposite sex who were his only companions in the house. Tommy in the

CHAMPION TOMMY ATKINS

meridian of his days, finds the distinction thrust upon him a poor consolation for the ease of the old life and the presence of rival dog beauties. As his affectionate nature is balanced by a hot temper and a courage that fears nothing, he and Tartan Chief lead a regular "Box and Cox" life. Although in the same house, they never meet, taking their walks separately. Tommy is now six years old.

As the cut shows, Mrs. Hewitt's Dandies are compact, well-made dogs, with the very best of legs and feet, the latter of the beautiful tan so much to be desired. The shaggy coat, tousled on the head and fluffed about the shoulders, and the low bodies and muscled quarters are all good traits. Tartan Chief has only been six months in his present home, and during that time he has covered himself with the glory of many prizes. Another of Mrs. Hewitt's beauties, Yashmak, a

YASHMAK.

called from the size and beauty of her eyes, is the mother of Edward Brook's Amphion, the first-prize winner at the Westminster Kennel club show last February, and the champion Dandie in the country.

Women living in country houses in this country might find the breeding of pure-blooded pet dogs a pleasing and not unprofitable occupation for their leisure hours, and should Mrs. Peel Hewitt be their model, it will not check their social or household duties.—New York Sun.

A HUNGRY SHARK

It Followed a Tug-Boat, but Failed to Get the Meal It Sought.

The crew of the tug Pennwood, which arrived at Baltimore a few days ago, report that they were pursued by a man-eating shark a few days ago 20 miles south of Cape Henry.

The shark, which was about eight feet long, had followed the tug for some hours when a hook baited with meat was thrown to it. No temptation could get it to take the hook. Then the man-eater began to grow bold and approached within a few feet of the side of the tug, until it finally grew audacious enough to glide along the steel side of the vessel.

Chief Engineer Goldsborough, who had seen some shark fighting in the Carribean Sea, undertook to spear the fish. He used a sharp boathook, with which he pierced its head. Several times the shark caught the hook, but could not wrench it from Mr. Goldsborough's grasp. After the shark had been considerably maimed it withdrew, leaving a trail of blood in the water. Mr. Goldsborough says he never saw a shark so desperate in its endeavors to make a meal on human flesh.

THE HOUSEHOLD.

Miss Nellie Burget EDITOR

THE TWO SONGS.

I know a sad, sad song;
Shall I sing it now?
Will it set right one wrong,
Or comfort one brow?

I know a sad, sad song;
Lives one who does not?
Shall each sing his own grief,
Lest it be forgot?

I know a glad, glad song;
Sing it wouldst not thou?
It may make one heart strong
That is not strong now.

I know a glad, glad song;
Some, meseems do not;
Griefs are all remembered,
Joys are all forgot.

I will sing the glad song
Where Gladness hides, the elf!
I will not sing the sad song
Even to myself.

—Mary M. Currier.

HUSH, PUSH AND JOSTLE.

LIFE'S TRIFLES EXCLUDING THE GREATER THINGS.

Is Living So Complex a Thing as is Frequently Declared In These Days?

I often wonder why the tendency is so strong with the majority of us to make "trifles light as air" the most important things of life. We go on day after day crowding every hour with matters that are, for the greater part, of no real moment because they pertain solely to the body, leaving ourselves no leisure for the higher things which belong to the soul life. To be sure, the body is the tabernacle of the soul for the time being. It is the instrument which the higher self must use on the physical plane, and as such it is important that it be kept in the best possible condition. We have no right to be careless about the things we eat and drink and wear to the extent of diminishing the vigor of the body, or of rendering ourselves unsightly in the eyes of those by whom we are surrounded. When, on the other hand, we spend hours in concocting new dishes in order to cater to the animal wants which would be more wholesomely satisfied with plainer food; when we spend hours in deciding upon the style of a garment or the color of its trimmings, exhausting ourselves in either case to a degree that precludes the taking of mental or spiritual food—this is absolute folly. Not only that but it is a wrong which goes deeper and farther than we can conceive of.

I met a friend upon the street the other day who looked exhausted.

"I cannot stop to talk," she said, breathlessly; "I am due at my dressmaker's this instant; and if you will believe it, I've spent two whole hours in trying to find some trimming that I want for the dress she is making. It's so exasperating not to be able to put your hand on what you have set your heart on."

"Isn't there anything else that will do as well?" I asked, sympathetically.

"Oh, yes, only I thought that especial kind would be so pretty."

Just as she was turning away I asked if she had finished reading a book I had lent her some weeks before—a book so full of beautiful thought, so helpful and inspiring that it gave one courage to face the cares and perplexities of life with almost complete serenity.

"Oh, no," she replied, a shadow falling over her face; "I haven't had one moment of time, and, indeed, I might as well bring it back to you, for I see no prospect of reading it for weeks to come. Life is getting so complex in these days that one has no leisure for anything." And then she rushed away to the dressmaker's.

I fell to meditating over her words. Is life of necessity so complex a thing or do we make it so by looking at things from the wrong point of view? Sometimes it seems to me as if we act just as a man would who sits down to a table loaded with good things feeling that desire and duty one or both demand that he eat of everything before him and that within a given time. He takes a little of this, more of that; some of the other and so hastily on through the list, deriving but a limited enjoyment from anything, and overtaxing his digestive powers so that weakness rather than vigor will be the result. He really is not obliged to eat of all that is before him. Duty simply demands that he shall take what is pleasant and needful for keeping the vital processes of the body in harmonious action. All of the rest is not only unnecessary and superfluous, but absolutely harmful.

Do you see what I mean? It is a homely illustration but it answers my purpose, which is to show this: We make our lives complex by endeavoring to force into them so much that is really trivial and needless as to shut out the opportunities for the real things, the true things that make for the soul's growth into the finer realities belonging to the eternities. And it is these which are all important, and yet it is just these which we put away, in our overmuch care about eating, drinking, dressing and wearking, wearying body and brain in what is of no permanent value.

"What a marvel to see men and women engrossed thus to the exclusion of all that is really vital and important—the truer science of life and being. Frittering away the hours upon mere nothings, or worse than that, and letting life drift away from them as they blindly turn from it to pursue their weary round of wordly undertakings. It is the old story so often repeated of catching water in a sieve—never filled; always empty of that which satisfies their hungry longing. For deep down in every soul is the desire for satisfaction for the true, the spiritual. To labor for the meat that perisheth when the bread that endureth is ours, is indeed folly." These words by a writer in The Silent Circle put this truth, I think, in a forceful way.

The material life should be lived at its best in order to fulfill its purpose, and that best may be made to so interweave with the spiritual life which is to endure, as to make the shining of the spirit visible in every act. It cannot be done, however, by hurry and worry over the "things of a day." It cannot be done by crowding every waking hour to the brim with duties either pleasurable or painful, leaving no time for communion with Nature, or with the wiser Divine Self that is always awaiting recognition.

I think there is a way in which earnest people often deceive themselves and it is a most subtle form of self-deception. It is in undertaking to do more than they have time and strength for, first in charity and church work, this being looked upon as a duty to humanity; then in belonging to literary clubs and reading circles, considered necessary for mental improvement. Little is gained and much is lost by overdoing in such matters. There are all kinds of organizations for helping those who need help, each one excellent in its own way, but the individual who attempts to do good work in more than one or two, unless the whole life is given up to it, makes a great mistake, but it is so made constantly, and added to by additional effort in literary clubs by lassons in art, and other things that demand both physical and mental exertion. It is no wonder that the conviction is abroad, especially among women, that life has become a complex thing, but it is people who make it so.

The best of which we are capable can only be done within limitations. Going outside of these, spreading ourselves over a larger field than we can cover and the consequence is failure in the highest accomplishment, while there is always a consciousness of hurry and confusion, a feeling of being constantly pushed beyond our limit of strength.

It does not pay in any sense. All the beauty and glory of a life dedicated to useful ends are taken out of it under such circumstances. Present accomplishment at the cost of a mental and physical exhaustion that may preclude future good effort will surely bring regret. It is better to call a halt. It is wiser to undertake only so much as can be carried safely, even though some good undertaking, in the success of which we have the warmest interest, can only be helped in thought. And when unselfish effort has reached this limit, then there need be no self-reproach that it can not be made to pass beyond.

EMILY S. BOUTON.

HOW DOES THIS SUIT?

Considering the Recent Torrid Term We Call It a Fairish Display.

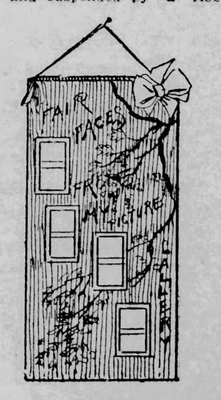
Bag for Hose and Shoes.

Cream colored cretonne with a design of pink flowers scattered over it was used for the bag described herein. The shoe bag is made as large as you please, and lined with pink sateen, in such a way that no seams show, ie., the lining and outside are sewed up into bags separately, and put one within the other with the "wrong" sides together. A few stitches at the sides and bottom will prevent the lining from "pulling up" unpleasantly, when you take out a

pair of shoes. A strip of cretonne about one-third the depth of the bag in width and a little longer than the width of the bag itself is lined with sateen and fastened in two pockets across the lower part of the bag. The draw-strings are put through two rows of eyelets worked in the deep hem turned down at the top. If a more elaborate affair is required use china silk and silk cord; or if a very serviceable bag is needed, darker cretonne is very pretty.—Susie B.

Photograph Holder.

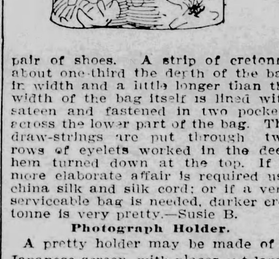
A pretty holder may be made of a Japanese screen, with places cut large enough for the photographs, and tapes fastened across the back to hold them in place. This can be ornamented by a painted design and motto and suspended by a ribbon



matching the design in color. If a tiny band is painted about each opening with gold paint, it adds somewhat to the effect, and in case one cannot paint dainty floral designs may be pasted neatly on the screen, or a decoration of ribbon bows will take the place of the painting.—Toodles.

Autograph Fan.

Celluloid is nicest for this, though heavy white card-board will answer. The one I am describing was made expressly for a select party where there were present 20 people, including our hostess. She had made 20 little fans, each pink tinted white celluloid, and at the close of the evening's entertainment each guest wrote their name on these, each one of the fans being taken home by them as souvenirs their hostess also having one. The shape of each section is shown by the illustration, and was first outlined on tracing paper, and then drawn upon the celluloid. The pieces were about six inches long, an inch wide at the larger end and tapering to one-half that width. A short, straight slit was made in the middle of each piece near the upper end, through which narrow pink ribbon was threaded, being secured at each end with mucilage to the back of the fan. A small round hole was pierced in the smaller ends, and the sticks were folded smoothly and fastened with a piece of fine wire, the fastening being hidden by a bow of ribbon. A loop of ribbon at the back served to suspend the dainty "token of remembrance" from the wall or writing-desk.—W. W. Ayers.



MAKE OVERS AND FASHIONS.

You like ribbons, do you, Margaret? Well, you can use them this fall in making all sorts of pretty things. That waist that is a little passe, for instance, you can brighten up beautifully. How? First take off the somewhat soiled collar and make a new one of ribbon of some becoming color putting a large bow at the back, with three loops projecting each way. Outline with the ribbon a pompadour yoke, and the inside edge is followed with narrow jet gimp. Then put a band of ribbon around the waist to each side of the front and at each end place a bow with a short standing loop and a long falling loop and end.

Instead of the pompadour yoke you can make braces of the ribbon extending from the ribbon belt to the shoulders, and terminating there with bows. There are many other ways in which ribbons may be used to brighten the dress.

The new jackets for fall wear are all made short. Your last spring garment will not be out of taste or style enough to be thrown aside.

Mrs. M., a pretty suit and that will prove very serviceble may be made of twilled navy-blue mohair or of serge, but be sure to get a nice quality, for that is the cheapest in the end. You can use buttons on this dress, as they are coming into style again. I think many people will be as glad of this as I am, for hooks and eyes are nuisances.

Another week has rolled away; another week with its joys and its sorrows, its pleasures and its pains! I wonder how many have held in their hearts the desire to make life brighter to others and have thought of coming to the Cozy Corner to "counsel together" as to the best ways in which this may be done. Do not wait. You have this opportunity of helping others, and at the same time helping yourselves. And we can all have such a good time in this Cozy Corner if we come together promptly.

Of course, friend Mary, there are festival days in the month of September, the principal ones being Saint Matthew's day, which comes the 21st, and the Feast of St. Michael, on the 29th, usually known as Michaelmas day. Many old customs linger about the latter in different parts of the world. The proper dinner for the day is roast goose, and there is an old superstition which says, "If you eat goose on Michaelmas day you are sure to have money in plenty all the year around." Doubtless away back in the past there was some reason for this custom, which we do not know.

As the ladies met in Our Cozy Corner this week some one called attention to Peggie Clover's letter about showing consideration and politeness toward agents, who call to solicit orders for everything. There seems to be two sides to this question (as to every one), and Frances Howard suggests that housekeepers have some claims to consideration as well as the agents. She says:

"I always listen to them politely, and if I am too busy to give the time for examining their goods when I know I shall not wish to purchase them, I them so at once, feeling that I should not occupy their time needlessly, nor that I am obliged to allow them to occupy mine. The majority of those who call at my door will, however, insist upon exhibiting their wares, and persist in talking until I have to speak sharply to oblige them to leave, and then they go away with the impression that I am a rude, unlady-like woman, who does not care to help a poor man, or woman, to earn a living. I have in my day bought numberless packets of good-for-nothing needles and pointless pins, scissors and knives that would not cut, stewpans and patent kettles that were to last our living, and many a book that went into the fire as soon as I could put it there—bought them partly to help the agent and partly to save my time and to get rid of the pertinacious man or woman as soon as possible. Of late years I have changed my tactics. If they have what I want, and I can afford to buy it, I do so; if not, I tell them so at once, politely but firmly, and if they persist in remaining after that I—close the door with as little ceremony as I can.

"How would I like to receive such treatment if I was working to earn my living?

"Bless your heart, I am working to earn my living, as every housekeeper does, and sometimes five minutes or half an hour is of a great deal of importance to me, and I do not feel obliged to sacrifice it to any other worker. But to the question of how I would like it, I cannot imagine that order any circumstances I would annoy any one when they had requested me civilly, though indirectly, to go."

Mrs. Belle Harding, a new member from Nebraska, agreed with Frances, telling how she had been imposed upon by some lady (?) agents, who kept her from the room of her sick child in spite of all she could say—they having pushed their way into the house when the door was opened—while they talked face powders and other cosmetics to her. One of them, in leaving, flung a parting remark to the effect that 'any one could see at once that she (Mrs. Harding) never had used anything to make her even decent looking."

The editor thinks these may be extreme instances of rudeness, but it certainly does seem as if the agents should show a little regard for the busy housekeeper.

"Iowa" wishes to know of "Primrose" how often the alum preparation should be given in cases of croup. She has used it unsuccessfully, and she prefers tincture of lobelia, 1 teaspoonful in a glass of water, but ehe, also, neglected to say how often it should be given.

Esther Daring advocates more attention to window gardening. She thinks that flowers in the winter not only give pleasure to the home circle, but to people who pass by the house, and that it is worth while to raise them for the satisfaction of having them to give to the sick, if for no other reason.

And just in keeping with these sentiments Primrose gives us a delightfully practical letter about how to secure these desired flowers: Soon the leaves will fall, the days grow shorter, then it is time to pot Dutch bulbs for the winter window garden. September is the month in which to start bulbous plants for Christmas blossoms, so be up and doing and have the bulbs of your pet flowers safely tucked away in pots before the chilling winds and frosts make their appearance.

The beautiful hyacinth will ever retain its popularity, not for its charming fragrance alone, but for the easy manner of its cultivation. The Roman varieties are very popular with home gardeners, having four different shades, pink, white, blue and yellow.

Tulips are so popular, by all means have a dozen or two bulbs planted of the single varieties, and they will come into bloom in two months from time of planting. Have a light, mellow soil, plenty of charcoal and pots sufficiently large to accommodate the bulbs. Give plenty of tepid water after top growth starts. While the bulbs are making root growths, which requires from four to six weeks, give water only once each week, and keep thoroughly dark. After the pot is well filled with roots and the stiff green spikes break through the soil, bring to the light, give an abundance of water, but don't force too rapidly, as the blooms are not as apt to last as long and the leaves grow rankly. Comparing my Roman hyacinths with some which had too much forcing, I found the ones left to grow at nature's own sweet will were superior both in bloom and foliage.

The daffodil is another popular bulbous flower which is cultivated quite the same as the hyacinth and tulip. Lily of the valley bulbs should be planted out doors, as the most expert growers of window plants say they do not thrive well in the house.

Chinese Sacred lilies grown in glass dishes of water are a thing of beauty and a joy when blooming, as their fragrance is unsurpassed by other flowers. Try a few bulbs this winter.

In early spring it is delightful to behold dozens of dainty crocuses growing in the grass on lawns. If you desire to please yourself as well as the passers-by, plant fifty or a hundred bulbs this fall. They are dirt cheap and are as beautiful to look upon as a bed of gay tullps, or fragrant daffodils.

Have an old-fashioned rose geranium in your window garden. The fragrance of its foliage renders it desirable to mass with the bright blooming odorless geraniums of which nearly every ordinary window has a few in dreary winter. Have heliotropes and primroses and lantanas as well as the "common geranium."—Primrose.

Buckeye gives her idea of the proper use of wealth and some other people's ideas on the subject.

I believed, when I was young, seeing men, strong men, strive to own more land, more property of any kind, that they had a fixed purpose in view, a use for the wealth. To me wealth means a pretty home, with plenty of books, and means to gratify ones natural taste. I have seen those men live and die leaving wills to keep that property undivided until the youngest grandchild shall be of age, years hence.

So I have concluded that many do not know what to do with money when they have it. I have seen the wife of a man in good circumstances buying always on credit, while the husband will smile and say, "We are good for it." I wonder if such people do realize that we go through life but once, and never come back?—Buckeye.

Mrs. Alice C. Stewart, another newcomer, one who brings in her letter a breath of flowers of California, asks for advice as to how she can manage to keep her temper and be quiet and serene amidst the noise and confusion of a house full of children and with incompetent help. She has recently married a widower with six children and gone from her quiet New England home to this motherless, servant-ruled house to make of it a home. She writes, "Though I love my husband dearly and came prepared for trials, I find that I am quite unequal to the task before me. I have become so nervous and impatient already that I can hardly restrain myself. Will not some one of the Household (all of you familiar to me through your letters) send me help?"

Patience and courage should be your motto, and perhaps you will find some assistance in this letter from Marguerite, which seems to have been sent at this time purposely for your benefit, and which will be appreciated by many others:

"While I think it possible for every one, under any circumstance in life, if aided by Divine grace, to be thoroughly good, yet we all know it is much easier to be pleasant and agreeable when rested, and with our nerves under control, than when tired and exhausted; and for that reason I think that entering into the silence of our rooms for a while every day would help us to be good and therefore to do the most good to others.

I think that while it is necessary to enter into the silence of our own meditations and prayers in order to obtain good, and therefore be capable of doing the most good to those around us, it would be a good thing, also, for every wife and mother, or any one else who has the care of a family, to enter into the silence and seclusion of their room a while every day, and there, away from the cares and perplexities of housekeeping, seek repose for both mind and body.

Again, we say of artisans, mechanics, modistes, milliners, or even housekeepers or any other persons skillful and tasty in their work, that they are very artistic. If persons paint beautiful pictures, model lovely images out of clay, or chisel exquisite designs in marble, we say they are artists, and if they express beautiful thoughts in verse, we say they are poets, but if persons live beautiful lives, we merely say they are good. Now, I have been thinking that if persons live lives that are perfect in design, outline and finish, they are artists in as true and in a higher sense than if they had painted lovely pictures, or written beautiful poems. And this may be a comfort to some of us. For if we can not paint beautiful pictures to live after us, and make our names immortal, or write poems to go "echoing down the ages," we may all live beautiful lives and perhaps be counted by the unerring judge as artists and poets in the highest sense.—Marguerite.

Among the inquiries this week is this from South Dakota:

Will some one send a recipe for the old-fashioned rye and Indian bread as it was made in New England years ago? My mother is an invalid, and over 80 years of age, and she thinks if she could once more taste some "Rye'n Injin" bread, she would be well, and if I can obtain the recipe, I will try and make her some.—Elinor, S. T.

The editor spoke to the Cook in reference to this request, and she gives this week, a recipe that has come down, in a direct line, from one of the ladies who must have been a contemporary of the dear mother mentioned above. But the Cook warns "Elinor" that the bread will not taste the same as if it were baked in the brick ovens, but the editor hopes it will be a little like the old-fashioned "Rye-'n Injin."

A. N. Hammond asks for recipe for mushroom catsup, saying that "mushrooms are plenty here." Happy people to have them plenty and fresh instead of being obliged to pay a high price for dried and canned ones. As an answer to this is desired immediately, the editor sends one in her possession, hoping that will not prevent any one else from sending such as they can recommend.

For the benefit of Bertha M. and others, the editor will again say that the full name and address of the writer is expected with any communication. In this Cozy Corner, the real name will be given with all articles, unless we have some other name sent with the request that it be used.

Poor School Girl:—It is difficult to advise you, as I know nothing of the firm you mention. Their advertisement is certainly very honest in appearance, but so are many that are but schemes to obtain money. What does your mother think of the plan? Have you not some friend who is a business man, or woman, who could advise you better than I, who am a stranger to your circumstances? I would most gladly help you if I could, but do not feel authorized by my own knowledge of the business to advise you to make the investment.

Will some one give recipe for removing mildew from linen?—Ella.

I have a black eye. Who can tell me what will remove the discoloration? I ran against the edge of an open door in the dark—no fighting caused it.—Joe.

Amateur Dressmaker:—"Godet" is pronounced as if spelled go-day, with no emphasis on either syllable; skirts of lined dresses should be fitted perfectly plain over the hips, all the fullness coming directly in the back. Wide collars of embroidery or lace may be worn by young married ladies. Large sleeves, either bishop or empire, will be worn this winter, though many ladies object to having them as stiff as they have been worn this summer.

Annoyed:—Using a little camphor in the water in which you bathe your face will remove the shiny look that annoys you so much in warm weather.

Nurse:—Address Toledo Hospital, 1711-1715 Cherry st., Toledo, for information you require.

VALUABLE LITERARY WORK.

Not a Story for Summer Reading, but a History for All Time.

I have no summer story of remarkable importance to talk about this week, but there have been some most interesting publications. Among them is one which the student of history will consider of especial interest. It is the third and concluding volume by Professor Henry M. Baird, of his series which has the Huguenots for a subject.

This one is named The Huguenots and the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes. He begins with the edict, the great charter of Huguenot rights, which was in full force at the time of the tragic death of its author, Henry IV., of France. Soon after the latter event attempts were made to abridge these granted privileges, and out of

PROF. HENRY M. BAIRD.

them grew three successive wars, including the brilliant defense of New Rochelle. Then the people made a rapid advance cut short by the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes by Louis XIV. whose hatred and hostility were unrelenting.

Professor Baird has followed these events with a vivid word-picturing that is full of fascination. He has written without prejudice and with a thorough scholarship that adds greatly to the value of his work. Another quality that goes to render his history of worth, is his entire devotion to his theme. Spending in Paris and Geneva his boyhood, his interest and imagination were stimulated by the stories told to him in the localities where the events took place. He became thoroughly imbued with the realization of all that they meant to France, and his subsequent studies only deepened the impression then made. He became strong in the determination to tell the story of the rise, successes, failures and final defeat of the Huguenots who bade fair at one time to dominate France, as it has never before been told, and the reader will find that he has carried his resolution to a happy conclusion.

At present Prof. Baird occupies the chair of Greek Literature in the University of the city of New York, from which institution he graduated in 1850.

His valuable works have been published by the Scribners.

Lilian Whiting's book of poems soon to be issued by Roberts Brothers, Boston, is to be entitled From Dreamland Sent. A suggestive name, and there is little doubt but the book will contain much that is beautiful as well as helpful.

The Bookman, which has just commenced its second volume, is one of the most newsy and interesting library journals published. It comes from Dodd, Mead & Co., New York.

EMILY S. BOUTON.

THE COOK'S DEPARTMENT.

Some Old Fashioned Recipes and Some Not so Old Fashioned.

By request we give this week a recipe for the New England rye and Indian bread. This recipe is copied from an old manuscript recipe book in which three generations of good housekeepers have written their best recipes, and is, beyond question, to be relied upon, but those of our friends who may try it must make allowance for the difference in baking the bread in a modern range and in the old-fashioned brick oven that our grandmothers used. If one lives near a bakery and can have the bread baked for them it is a great help—both to the bread and the one who makes it.

Rye and Indian Bread.

Scald 1 cupful of corn meal with 1 qt. of boiling milk, and let it cook 20 minutes; then add 2 tablespoonfuls of molasses (more if you like the bread very sweet) and 1 teaspoonful of salt. Mix this well, and when cool beat in 1 yeast cake dissolved in a little water and 3 cupfuls of rye meal (not flour). Stir and beat this mixture well, and pour it into an iron or steel pan, smoothing the top with a spoon wet in cold water. Bake for 2 hours in a very moderate oven, covering closely at first in order that it may not brown over the top too soon.

And we also give from the same source a recipe for

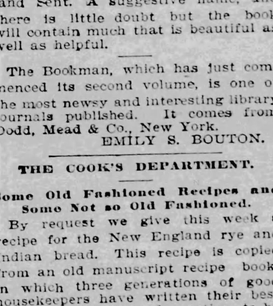
Steamed Rye and Indian Bread.

Mix 2 cupfuls corn meal, 1 cupful rye meal, 2-3 cupful of molasses, 2 1-2 cupfuls sweet milk, 1 teaspoonful soda, and 1 teaspoonful of salt. Turn into a buttered tin pail or double kettle and steam 4 hours.

THE MERRY-GO-ROUNDS

Meet Miss Marguerite Williams, the State President for New York.

Miss Margaret Williams, of Adams Centre, president of the Order of Blade M. G. R.'s for New York, in sending her photograph for publication says, her chief delight is her past life: "I am strictly a farmer's child, having always spent my vacations on a farm. I was born in Lewis county, where I lived until nine years ago, when my father purchased a larger farm where we now reside, near Adams Centre, a small village in the heart of a beautiful farming country. Most of my life has been spent in the school room; after finishing the course at our institute I entered a normal, from which I graduated in June, 1894. I love teaching, and, given a primary class of 60 little bodies, I am quite contented.



Members of the M. G. R., we are but few, but let us be wide-awake; please send subjects you would like to discuss."

Chaperone's Confidential.

Miss Prudence had the pleasure of welcoming the following new arrivals to-day: Daphne, Poet, Dixie, Sweet Marie 2d, Dusey, Ted Timpo, Blue-eyed Beauty, Trif O'Brike and F. T. Craig.

The old members who reported for duty were: Pauline, Photographer, Lenore, Anadarko, Old Bach, Buckeye, Theresa, Thorne, Isabel, and Madge Wylde.

F. E. Craig:—As the W. Va. report was still in my hands, I added your opinion to it; but in the future you will please send such papers to your state president, Miss Mary L. Matlick, of Cecil, W. Va.

Blue-eyed Beauty:—Miss Prudence will gladly answer your questions, if you send a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

Trif O'Brike:—Certainly you may come in; I am not quite sure whether I have your "nom" as it should be; please write it very plainly next time.

Madge Wylde:—The Ohio subject was printed in the last issue of The Blade preceding this. To obtain the Badge enclose 50 cents with your order to "The Blade, Toledo, O."

Photographer:—Thank you for the flowers; they are very bright, and must have been carefully pressed.

Old Bach:—Guess again, and two or three times again; then you may come somewhere near the mark. There are six members in Montana; three from your own postoffice.

Buckeye:—I should pay no attention to a correspondent who does not sign his full name to his letters. I know the person who wrote to you; that is his favorite address, but I do not advise you to humor him so far.

Letters from Photographer, Old Bach and F. E. Craig are put on file for use next week.

Miss Prudence is glad to see that her remarks concerning the badge have taken effect; Madge Wylde's letter in this column shows that one member, at least, accepted the little lecture in the spirit in which it was given, and intends to profit by it.

You are placing your chaperone in an embarrassing position, young people; do you realize that? She has given the "powers that be" no rest until they have ordered these badges for you; sending to New York for patterns and having them manufactured there at a considerable expense as you may imagine.

Judging from the expressed opinions of those who have received the badges they are satisfactory and well worth the price, which simply covers the cost of making and mailing, leaving no profit whatever for the Blade company.

They did not expect to make anything on them; they were offered simply as a reward for the past efforts of the M. G. Rs., and as an inducement to future good work.

But, on the other hand, they did not expect to lose anything, for, according to the Chaperone's statements, backed up, remember, by your own letters, every badge would be taken off their hands as rapidly as M. G. Rs. could send for them.

Now, the question comes up: will you prove to them that your Chaperone was not mistaken in you—that you really do want the badges badly enough to make some little effort, if need be, to secure one? All in favor of doing this, please say "aye," and "do aye" as well, as soon as you can make it convenient.

Theresa Thorne, O.: "My thanks are due, Flora and others, for their consideration of my question concerning the Bible. Finding no one in a like quandary, the conclusion is evident that the fault is in the reader, not the reading. Forest Neeley, must a woman necessarily neglect home to know something outside of it? And so, man is her superior (?), protector (??), and guide(???). I have yet to learn these things. Meantime I wish Forest would read Twenty Dollars for Forty Years, a short sketch that has appeared in our papers recently. Miss Prudence, I have received my badge, and it is very pretty."

Lenore, Va.: "Miss Prudence, I earned my badge ever so long ago; it is very pretty, and I am so proud of it. We had better remain the 'old maids' Sam Igotus terms us, than marry a drunkard or gambler. Follow the advice of the Rev. Sam Jones: 'Never marry a man, to reform him; let him reform first.'"

Isabel, Ill.: "How I wish those who do not like bloomers would let the poor things have a rest; they are surely in need of it, for they have had insults thrown at them ever since they were created. Did you ever stop to think that you have the privilege of turning your head away when they pass you? I venture to say that every one who is opposed to them is far more apt to watch them all the way down the street! I have received my badge, and think it very nice."

Daphne, Mo.: "Our place is called the 'Maples,' and is about three miles from Carthage, a city which has recently added an electric line to its many other attractions."

Post, O. T.: "I live in the country, 25 miles from a railroad, but we hope to have one nearer in a year or two. The Cheyenne Indians live about six or eight miles from my home. A. M. T., a header and a binder are entirely different—the former being pushed before the horses."

Miss Prudence thinks there is more to be told of the difference between these machines; who will tell it?

Dixie, Iowa: "I am a farmer's daughter, 18 years old, and just beginning my last year's work in the High School. I believe in woman's suffrage, and am a Republican. I do not think bloomers a becoming costume for ladies, but do not condemn the bicycle, as I think it one of the finest modes of exercise for either gentlemen or ladies."

Sweet Marie, Ind.: "I am a country girl, living close to the works of the Standard Oil Co., for whom my father works, and have four brothers and three sisters. I do not think there is any harm in dancing or in playing croquet on Sunday, though I do not care to do so."

Dusey, Ill.: "I am 'stuck' on the letters of Buckeye, Sam Igotus and Mischief-maker, although the rest of the letters do very well. I am opposed to woman's suffrage, thinking they should be at home, especially at such times as election day. I do not think there is any harm in a social 'hop' or in croquet playing on Sunday, as I often do that myself. What do the M. G. Rs. think about unknown correspondents?"

Can't Dusey find a better word than "stuck" to express his admiration of the heroes of the M. G. Rs.? And does it not reflect a little on the "lords of creation" to say that a woman should be at home on election day? Surely, things should be so ordered that there would be no reason why she could not go abroad then as well as on any other day.

Ted Timpo, Mont.: "I live on a ranch in one of the most fertile valleys in our great state. We are now in the midst of grain harvest, and the whirr of machinery is daily wafted from the fields. From our ranch we can see the snow-capped peaks of the Bitter Root mountains on the west, and undulating, jutting spurs of the Rockies on the east. Through our valley runs a stream of crystal water, which finally makes its way to the Pacific, through the Columbia river."

Pauline, Wis.: "I am glad to see True Blue again; hope he'll come often. Received my badge some time ago, and am delighted with it. The material is good, the design unique and one must be hard to please who is not satisfied with it."

Madge Wylde, O.: "I think Miss Prudence was right to talk to us as she did in the last Blade. Why is it that with so many members so few in each state has responded to the call of their president? I, for one, shall try to make myself worthy the name of M. G. R. and shall, when possible, write on the subject assigned by the Ohio president. U. No. Hoo, man's brain may be larger than woman's, but evidence goes to show that it is of inferior material. Not one woman in a great many would indulge in the degrading pursuits followed by many men! New England Girl, your last letter was splendid; after that, nothing more need be said."

Blue-eyed Beauty, Kan.: "Gem of the Mts., I, too, am reading the Heavenly Twins and do not like it. How many of the M. G. Rs. are reading the Golden Rock? I am, and like it very much. Francis Atwood, if you are a 'Pop,' I begin to believe you can't amount to much.'"

Anadarko, Mo.: "There is no reason why a pretty woman cannot be as good and sensible as a homely one, but do we appreciate beauty? Every extra step taken by a tired woman detracts so much from her beauty; every needless worry makes an ugly wrinkle on her brow; soon, very soon, some one is fretful and faded. Think that over, Sam. Regards to Swamp Angel."

Buckeye, O.: "I will tell you about a trip I took across Lake Erie a few days ago in a large car-ferry boat. There were 500 excursionists and we started at 8 a. m., reaching our destination at 2 p. m. We were met by a band and a large crowd of people, who escorted us up town, where we were banqueted in fine style. The Canadians showed us around town until 6:30 p. m., when we left for home. The boat run nicely for about 20 miles, when one of the engines became heated and we drifted in the lake for four or five hours, when the difficulty was overcome and we arrived home at 7 o'clock in the morning, having had a fine time."

MISS FRET AND MISS LAUGH.

Cries little Miss Fret,
In a very great fret:
"I hate this warm weather; it's horrid to tan.
It scorches my nose,
And it blisters my toes,
And wherever I go I must carry a fan."

Chirps little Miss Laugh:
"Why, I couldn't tell half
The fun I am having this bright summer day.
I sing through the hours,
And cull pretty flowers,
And ride a queen in the sweet-smelling hay."

—Margaret Sangster, in Little Knights and Ladies.

A DOG STORY.

"Father, what is poetic justice?" asked Fred Stanley at the table.

"Bless the boy! What put that into his head?" said mother.

"Why, there was something about it in our reading lesson to-day, and, when I asked Miss Thompson what it meant, she said we should see how many of us could find out for ourselves and give her an illustration of it to-morrow; but I don't know how to find out unless you tell me, father."

Mr. Stanley looked thoughtful for a moment, and then smiled, as if struck by some amusing recollection.

"Poetic justice," he said, "is a kind of justice that reaches us through the unforseen consequences of our unjust acts. I will tell you a little story, Fred, that I think will furnish the illustration you are after.

"I recall a summer afternoon a good many years ago, when I was not so large as I am now. Two other boys and myself went blackberrying in a big meadow several miles from home. On our way to the meadow, as we paddled along the dusty highway, we met a stray dog. He was a friendless, forlorn looking creature, and seemed delighted to make up with us, and when we gave him some scraps of bread and meat from our lunch basket, he capered for joy, and trotted along at our side, as if to say, 'Now, boys, I'm one of you.' We named him Rover, and, boy-like, tried to find out how much he knew and what he could do in the way of tricks; and we soon discovered that he would 'fetch and carry' beautifully. No matter how big the stick or stone, nor how far away we threw it, he would reach it, and draw it back to us. Fences, ditches and brambles he seemed to regard only as so many obstacles thrown in his way to try his pluck and endurance, and he overcame them all.

"At length we reached the meadow and scattered out in quest of blackberries. In my wandering I discovered a hornets' nest, the largest I ever saw, and I have seen a good many. It was built in a cluster of blackberry vines, and hung low, touching the ground. Moreover, it was at the foot of a little hill; and, as I scampered over the latter, I was met at the summit by Rover, frisking about with a stick in his mouth. I don't see why the dog and hornets' nest should have connected themselves in my mind, but they did, and a wicked thought was born of the union.

"'Rob! Willl' I called to the boys, 'come here. We'll have some fun.'

"They came promptly, and I explained my villainous project. I pointed out the hornets' nest, and proposed that we roll a stone down upon it, and send Rover after the stone. 'And, oh, won't it be fun to see how astonished he'll be when the hornets come out?' I cried in conclusion. They agreed that it would be funny. We selected a good-sized round stone, called Rover's special attention to it, and started it down the hill. When it had a fair start, we turned the dog loose; and the poor fellow, never suspecting our treachery, darted after the stone with a joyous bark. We had taken good aim, and as the ground was smooth, the stone went true to its mark, and crashed into the hornets' nest just as Rover sprang upon it. In less than a minute the furious insects had swarmed out, and settled upon the poor animal. His surprise and dismay filled our anticipation; and we had just begun to double ourselves up in paroxysms of laughter, when with frenzied yelps of agony he came tearing up the hill towards us, followed closely by all the hornets.

"'Run!' I shouted, and we did run; but the maddened dog ran faster, and dashed into our midst with piteous appeals for help. The hornets settled like a black, avenging cloud all over us, and the scene that followed baffles my power of description. We ran, we scattered, we rolled on the ground and we howled with agony.

"I have never known just how long the torture lasted; but I remember it was poor Rover who rose to the emergency, and with superior instinct showed us a way to rid ourself of our vindictive assailants. As soon as he realised that we, too, were in distress and could give no assistance he ran blindly to a stream that flowed through the meadow not far away, and, plunging in, dived clear beneath the surface. We followed him, and only ventured to crawl out from the friendly element when we were assured that the enemy had withdrawn. Then we sat on the bank of the stream, and looked at each other dolefully through our swollen purple eyelids, while the water dripped from our clothing, and a hundred stinging wounds reminded us what excessively funny fun we had been having with Rover.

"The poor dog, innocent and free from guile himself, judged us accordingly, and creeping up to me, licked my hand in silent sympathy. Then some dormant sense of justice asserted itself within me.

"'Boys,' I said, 'we've had an awful time; but, I tell you what, it served us right.'

"Neither of them contradicted me, and rising stiffly, we went slowly homeward, with Rover at our heels.

"'That, my boy,' said Mr. Stanley in conclusion, 'is a good instance of poetic justice.'"—Our Dumb Animals.

INDIANA M. G. R.'S.

Report by the President, Miss Laura Gibson, Delphi, Ind.

It was as usual a very select little gathering that met at the Hoosier headquarters to discuss the subject: "Has not James Whitcomb Riley, with his Hoosier dialect created a wrong impression regarding us and been detrimental to our state?"

Susie gave her ideas first, taking a sort of half-way affirmative stand. "I do think," she said, "that our poet has created a wrong impression concerning us as a people. I know it to be a fact that there are actually persons who think that this dialect is more or less generally used by the larger part of the people in Indiana.

"Now such is not the case. This manner of speaking wrongfully called 'Hoosier dialect,' is not any more peculiar to the natives of our state than it is to a certain class in every state, so I say that Mr. Riley has created a wrong impression regarding us and to a certain extent been detrimental to——"

She was interrupted here by an abrupt "never more," which, of course, proceeded from the Raven, who, seated near the door, had been keeping his weather eye upon several of the members—New England Girl, Country Cousin, Hoosier School Girl, Evelyn, Thistle and others whom he fears are forming a league against him—and at the same time listening to her opinion of the subject.

Continuing the Raven told us that he had no conception of the misrepresentation of the Hoosier folk by Mr. Riley. "How far need we look for a 'Tradin' Joe,' or a 'Raggedy Man?' Let they are about us now.

"While Mr. Riley's paintings are more especially those of an earlier period than this, yet there is still sufficient remnant of the early day dialect to warrant praises for the fidelity of the artist.

"People in rural precincts differ as widely from those in populous towns in languages and customs and as he has written chiefly of the former class the latter mistake his sketches for being untrue.

"Having affiliated with his 'Little Town of Tinhoit' and other scenes

News of the Week.

The Blade is a newspaper for free American citizens, and under the above head, aims to give first, those events which are the history and progress of the world for the week—those which every intelligent man needs to know and should know; second, all important political events; and lastly, the leading minor occurrences that possess interest to every educated and thinking reader.

AT CHICKAMAUGA PARK.

Ohio, Michigan, Indiana and Illinois Deliver Their Monuments.

Chattanooga, Tenn., Sept. 18.—At early dawn the tens of thousands of people in this region, natives and visitors began to stir themselves. By sunup hundreds were on the streets and before 8 o'clock every thoroughfare in the city was thronged. Not since the bloody battle that occurred thirty years ago has there been so many people in this region. Some of the old veterans who fought all over the grandly beautiful mountains and valleys surrounding Chattanooga say there are more people here to-day than upon that awful event. Estimates as to the size of the multitude vary. Some of the conservatives say there are not over 50,000; others place the number at 200,000 or more.

At daylight the people began to move towards Chickamauga and from that time on until after noon the trains and electric cars reminded one of those leading to the world's fair at Chicago. They were jammed. The crowd was well handled. At the battlefield were hundreds of vehicles of every sort and description prepared to carry passengers to any part of the historic field.

The first event of to-day was the dedication of Michigan state monuments at Snodgrass Hill, a point at which there was probably more hard fighting during the battle than on any part of the field. Governor John T. Rich, with his staff, the members of the park commission, arrived at the hill a few minutes after 9 o'clock. Chairman C. E. Belknap, president of the Michigan commission, in a brief speech in which he told of the work done by the commission, called the assemblage to order, then introduced Governor John T. Rich, who spoke.

Col. Henry M. Duffield, of Detroit, responded.

In the northeast corner of that part of the Kelly field, the monuments of Wisconsin were turned over to the government at 11 o'clock. The exercises were presided over by Col. W. W. Watkins, chairman of the state commission. Colonel Watkins formally turned the monuments over to Gov. W. H. Upham who received them and then transferred them to the government.

The veterans of Ohio took possession of Snodgrass Hill as soon as those from Michigan had finished. Gen. John Beatty, president of the Ohio commission, presided.

When he had called the audience to order Bishop Joyce invoked the blessing of the diety.

Following the prayer Gen. Charles H. Grosvenor addressed the gathering.

Short addresses were then made by ex-Governor Campbell, who was governor at the time the commission was created, Hon. J. S. Gill and Hon. J. S. McElroy. Gen. Aquilla Wiley then made a short address formally turning the monuments over to Governor McKinley who in turn received them and then transferred them to the national government.

Brief addresses by Hon. Andrew Jackson, Col. Ames Watson and Frederick Wondell, members of the commission, followed.

Illinois monuments were dedicated on the site where Widow Glenn's house stood during the battle. It is a few hundred yards southeast of the famous "Bloody Pond." The widow's house was burned during the fight, but "Bloody Pond" is still there. It was so named because its waters were red with human blood after the battle and the people living in the vicinity say that since that terrible day animals have refused to drink of its water.

It was 2 o'clock when Governor Altgeld and his party arrived. Several thousand people principally from Illinois and those who had served in Illinois regiments were there to witness the ceremonies.

LEE & GORDON'S MILLS AT CHICKAMAUGA.

Col. H. S. Reeves, president of the Illinois commission, called the meeting to order. Prayer was offered, after which Governor Altgeld was introduced and made his address turning the monuments over to the government.

Responses were made by Col. Smith D. Atkins and Col. J. G. Everest. The benediction was then pronounced.

The exercises attendant upon the transfer of the Indiana monuments to the government took place at Lyttle Hill as the ridge south of the Dyer house is called in memory of Gen. Lyttle, who was killed there. It is a short distance north of the Widow Glenn's house. Gen. M. C. Hunter was master of ceremonies. The exercises were opened by prayer by the Rev. Dr. Lucas at 2 o'clock. Hon. D. R. McConnell made the address turning the monuments over to Governor Claude Matthews, who responded.

Gen. Lew Wallace and Col. I. N. Walker, commander-in-chief of the G. A. R., spoke. The exercises were concluded with a salute fired by the regiments of the Indiana militia that were present.

Chickamauga Dedicated.

Chattanooga, Tenn., Sept. 19.—One of the bloodiest battlefields the world ever saw was formally dedicated here to-day as a pleasure park for the edification and enjoyment of the American people for all time. It was the dedication of the battlefield of Chickamauga, whose beautiful ravines and mountain sides were strewn with nearly 30,000 dead and wounded men thirty-two years ago. The dedication was conducted by men who thirty years ago fought in that awful strife, men who at that time sought each other's lives, sought to increase the bloodshed if necessary to win the fight. Two generals, with silver gray hair, who headed thousands of men in the affray on opposite sides made the principal speeches at the dedication. They were Generals John M. Palmer and John B. Gordon. The feud which stirred them to strife then has been blotted out, and to-day they and their followers are as brothers of one nation and of one family.

It is doubtful if the world ever saw another such scene as was that at Chickamauga to-day. Certainly there never was one more impressive and at the same time joyfully affecting. It was witnessed by no less than 50,000 people of the North and of the South, and at least half of them took part in that bloody civil war which Chickamauga battle was a part.

The ceremonies took plce at Snodgrass Hill, whose top and side for a mile or more were so thickly covered with dead this day 32 years ago that, as the survivors say, one could walk over it from crest to base stepping from one prostrate body to another.

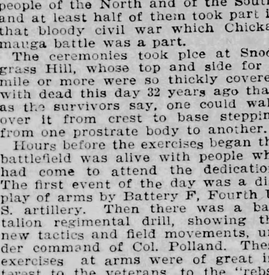
Hours before the exercises began the battlefield was alive with people who had come to attend the dedication. The first event of the day was a display of arms by Battery F, Fourth U. S. artillery. Then there was a battalion regimental drill, showing the new tactics and field movements, under command of Col. Polland. These exercises at arms were of great interest to the veterans, to the "rebs" and "vanks," though the old fellows expressed the belief that such tactics would have fallen as timothy before a mower if placed against those adopted during the battle of Chickamauga.

Vice President A. E. Stevenson presided over the dedicatory exercises. He was introduced by Gen. John S. Fullerton, chairman of the Chickamauga and Chattanooga National Park. When the Vice President came forward he was greeted with loud applause.

The meeting was called to order at 12 o'clock, and at that hour Snodgrass Hill was covered with people.

The great natural area selected by the national commission on Snodgrass Hill was so arranged that nearly every one of the tens of thousands of auditors could hear the speeches and addresses throughout. By way of beginning there was a national salute of 44 guns by the artillery, followed by the Star-Spangled Banner, played by one of the United States infantry bands. It was cheered to the echo by veterans of the blue and of the gray, and in their patriotic enthusiasm many of the grizzled old veterans shed tears of joy.

When the applause had ceased, Vice President Stevenson made a brief address appropriate to the occasion.



GEN. JOHN B. GORDON.

When he had finished, prayer was offered by the Rt. Rev. Bishop Gailor, of Tennessee.

"America," the beautiful national anthem, was then sung by the audience, accompanied by the band, and every one of the fifty and odd thousand of people assembled, blue and gray, sang it as if inspired. The great volume of sound rolled up as a great tidal wave and long before the song was ended tears were coursing down the cheeks of thousands of the old vets. It made the cold chills run up and down the backs of even the most hardened of the battle-scared veterans, and those who shed tears were proud of them. Not one of them was ashamed, nor was there any one who would shame them.

Gen. John M. Palmer, the venerable Senator from Illinois, who thirty-two years ago to-day risked his life on the battlefield, made the first dedicatory address. When he came forward his voice was husky and had a tremulous sound. And never in all his life, unless perhaps when he was directing his men at Chickamauga, thirty-two years ago, did he speak more earnestly. He became grandly eloquent as he advanced in his address, and his eloquence was fully appreciated and at frequent intervals he was applauded with a vigor that showed the audience was in touch with him.

Another patriotic tune followed Gen. Palmer, and then the battle-scarred veteran of the Confederacy, whom Lee called his "right arm," John B. Gordon, of Georgia, was introduced. He was greeted with no less applause than accorded Gen. Palmer, and he spoke with fully as much enthusiasm of feeling and patriotism.

THE LAST DAY.

Completion of the Dedication of Chickamauga Park.

Chattanooga, Tenn., Sept. 20.—This, the third day of the exercises attendant upon the dedication of the battlefield to the nation as a park, opened with a grand civic and military parade. The visiting Cabinet officers, governors and their staffs and the various military organizations took part. It brought more people into the city proper than have been here at any one time since the dedicatory exercises began. The thousands who have been stopping in the taverns along Missionary Ridge, Lookout Mountain, and other places in the suburbs, were all here to-day. Then, thousands came in from the surrounding country, so that the streets and the thoroughfares were thronged to that degree that it was next to impossible to get about. The local police, however, under direction of Chief of Police Fred Hill, handled the crowd well, and teams and vehicles were kept off the streets over which the parade passed, and were kept moving on the side streets so that there were no blockades.

Shortly after 10 o'clock the parade started. A platoon of police led, followed by a military band. Then came Vice-President Stevenson and party, in carriages. In the succeeding carriages were Lieut. Gen. Schofield, Secretary of the Interior Smith, Postmaster-General Wilson, Secretary of the Navy Herbert, and Attorney-General Harmon, United States Senators, Congressmen, governors and staff, park commissioners, Tennessee legislators, Mayor Ochs, citizens' committee and invited guests.

Another platoon of police came next and then the United States troops, the Ohio National Guard, Tennessee National Guard, Capital City Guard of Georgia, and the Chattanooga school battalion.

The formal exercises of the day were held in the big Barnum tent near the government building, and were presided over by Vice-President Stevenson. After music by the band, the Rev. Dr. S. T. Nicholls, of St. Louis, offered prayer. The first address was by George W. Ochs, mayor of Chattancoga.

When the applause following Mayor Ochs had ceased, Senator Bate, of Tennessee, delivered an eloquent oration. He was heartily applauded. Next there was music by the band, and then Gen. Charles Grosvenor, of Ohio, spoke. He was frequently interrupted by applause. The meeting then adjourned.

THE ATLANTA EXPOSITION.

An Imposing Pageant Parades Her Streets.

Atlanta, Ga., Sept. 18.—The morning of the opening day of the South's great show, the Cotton States and International Exposition, dawned bright and clear, affording to the thousands of Northern visitors in the city a sample of typical Southern September weather. As the day wore on the heat threatened to pass the limit of comfort, but the buoyant crowd on the street does not seem to mind it. During the night the finishing touches had been put on a number of the buildings, and every effort had been made to get the grounds in good shape for the opening, and those who left the park yesterday afternoon found this morning that a great transformation had been wrought. From the tops of the 247 flagstaffs on the buildings around the grounds there floated the pennants and flags of the nations of the earth and the doors of the buildings which have been closed for several days were all thrown open.

In the interior of the buildings a great deal of work has been accomplished. Over nine-tenths of the exhibits were complete and neatly apparelled attendants stood at each booth. The policemen had arrived and were patrolling the grounds, extra guards were on hand and everything was ready for the crowds.

At high noon every steam whistle in the city broke forth into noisy chorus, the crowds in the streets cheered long and loud and the festivities of opening day were fairly begun.

At 1 o'clock the procession under command of Col. W. L. Kellogg, of the United States army as marshal, began to move. In the line were the Fifth Regiment, U. S. A., the Washington Artillery, New Orleans crack company, commanded by Col. J. B. Richardson, the Fifth Regiment of Georgia Volunteers and various visiting state troops, making 25 companies in all. Five bands, including Gilmore's famous organization, headed by Victor Herbert, furnished music for the tramping column which swept its brilliant length out toward the Exposition park, between continuous lines of admiring and cheering spectators.

As the head of the column reached the gates the companies were halted and the exposition directors and their guests in carriages passed into the grounds, then the military companies marched in, stopped on the plaza, stacked arms, and were taken to the barbecue stand, where they were the guests of the exposition for a short while.

The guests and directors entered the Auditorium where the formal opening occurred. The speakers were seated on the small stge, which was profusely decorated, while the crowd was still gathering, Victor Herberts band rendered his new and original "Salute to Atlanta" amid great applause.

President William Hemphill, as master of ceremonies, presented Bishop Cleveland Kinlock Nelson, who offered the opening prayer.

Hemphill presented Col. Albert Powell, who read the exposition ode written by Frank L. Stanton. Then Mr. Hemphill introduced President Collyer, who delivered the opening address. President Collyer was followed by Mrs. Joseph Thompson, president of the board of women managers, who spoke in behalf of the woman's department. Booker T. Washington, the principal of the Tuskge Normal Institute, then delivered an address in behalf of the negro department.

Mayor King spoke for the city and Hon. George R. Brown represented Governor Atkinson, who was prevented by ill health from speaking for the state.

MOWBRAY, THE ANARCHIST.

He Abused the Stars and Stripes—He Stopped.

Chicago, Sept. 23.—Charles Wilfred Mowbray, the English anarchist who came to this city for the purpose of teaching his doctrine of red flag and no government, was stopped in the middle of a speech yesterday afternoon at Belmont Park by the police. He was so badly frightened that after a few words of explanation, in which he said that he did not mean to teach violence, he hurriedly left the platform and made his escape in the crowd.

Mowbray started in by abusing the police and newspapers. Inspector Schaack stood this without interference, but when the speaker began berating the stars and stripes and hooting for the glorious day when the red emblem would be raised triumphantly aloft, the inspector gave the signal and Captain Schuettler, who was on the platform, laid a heavy hand on the shoulder of the speaker. Mowbray had not expected this and was plainly disconcerted. He stammered and looked dismayed, and attempted an explanation, but the big police captain quietly remarked: "You have got to stop that kind of talk," and that settled it.

There was a howl from the crowd at the interruption and several of the more radical attempted to climb the stairs leading to the platform. They were prevented from doing so by the police. Richard Braunschweig, a loud mouthed radical, who can scarcely speak a word of English, managed to get on the platform and attempted to shove Captain Schuettler to one side. He was seized by two detectives.

Mrs. Lucy Parsons was present and after Mowbray's experience she remarked: "It don't surprise me any. Liberty is dead in Chicago. Any one can see that." To which the police replied: "Anarchy is dead in Chicago for all time."

THE SYNDICATE ENDED.

Its Profits, After Allowing Interest, Amount to Six Per Cent.

New York, Sept. 21.—The managers of the government bond syndicate have taken action which is regarded as a formal dissolution of the syndicate, the government having no longer any need of its services. The managers sent out circulars which were received by the members of the syndicate this morning giving them the profits of the operatoin of the syndicate, the members having already received the principal, which they had placed in the hands of the managers. The exact percentage of profit is not at present obtainable, but it is understood that after allowing interest on the money for the period during which it was in the hands of the managers, the profits are a trifle below six per cent.

Self Inflicted Cancer

New York, Sept. 23.—Dr. Edward Burnett, who has been for some time suffering from a cancer, died yesterday afternoon. Dr. Burnett contracted the cancer eight months ago while attending a female patient for cancer of the tongue. The physician applied some nitrate of silver to the tongue of the woman with his finger. Shortly after, while shaving, he cut himself, and rubbing his finger against the cut was inoculated with the cancer.

FOURTEENTH OHIO VETERAN VOLUNTEER INFANTRY.
General Steadman's Regiment.

TO PROBE FOR GOLD.

American Syndicate Will Invade Korea's Rich Mines.

San Francisco, Sept. 23.—Interest has been created in local mining circles following upon the departure for Korea of two noted mining engineers, J. K. Eveleth, of England, and A. W. Deshler, of Detroit. The two mining experts left for Japan on the last trip of the Optic. Both of these gentlemen are on the same mission, though they represent different syndicates.

It has been learned that they have been sent by two wealthy syndicates to inspect and investigate the properties situated upon the sites of the most ancient mines in the history of the world. They are in Korea and China.

Both Mr. Deshler and Mr. Eveleth were interviewed, but were equally reticent in regard to their intentions further than to admit that their trip to Europe was in regard to the mines. But little definite knowledge has ever been secured concerning the mines of Korea, but they are reported to be very rich in gold. They are situated in the wild mountainous districts of the Hermit Kingdom, and have been worked in a primitive way only. The rock taken out, however, proved to be very rich.

It is generally believed that the king of Korea has offered inducements to prospectors to develop the mines on the payment to the king of a certain percentage of the profits of the enterprise. In fact the supposition is that the man behind the whole proposition is Clarence Grathouse, formerly of this city, who has been for some time the adviser of the king of Korea.

NEW YORK REPUBLICANS.

Enforcement of the Sunday Liquor Law is Demanded.

Saratoga, N. Y., Sept. 18.—The state Republican convention closed its session last night after following very closely the work mapped out by its leaders. It named this ticket for presentation to the people of the state in November next:

For Secretary of State—John Palmer, of Albany.

For Comptroller—James E. Roberts, of Erie.

For State Treasurer—A. B. Colvin, of Wadden.

For State Engineer—C. W. Adams, of Oneida.

For Attorney General—F. B. Hancock, of Onondago.

For Judge of the Court of Appeals—Celora E. Martin, of Broome.

The platform demands enforcement of the Sunday liquor law and preservation of the Sabbath.

It scores the Democratic administration for failing to defend the rights of American citizens resident or traveling in foreign countries and for permitting foreign countries to encroach on the Western hemisphere.

There is a general rejoicing here on the results of the convention. The opinion of the majority of the delegates is that the adoption of the Sunday enforcement plank is a clever move that will aid the party. It is generally conceded that the Democrats next week will pass a resolution favoring local option and this will make clearly the line of division between the two parties. Dr. Depew is particularly pleased over the work this afternoon.

THE SONS OF P. P. BLISS.

Penny Collections of Sunday Schools Supported and Educated Them.

Chicago, Ill., Sept. 18.—When P. P. Bliss, the gospel song writer, and his wife went down to their death in the crash of the Ashtabula railroad bridge the night of December 29, 1876, they left two orphaned boys. Penny collections in the Sunday schools of the land under the inspiration of D. L. Moody resulted in a fund for their support and education. This was supplemented by sums from various sources and song book royalties, and placed in a trust. Yesterday Philip Paul and George Goodwin Bliss, now young men, the one a graduate of Princeton University, and the other a senior, appeared before Judge Kohlsaat in the probate court, and received an accumulated estate of $100,000, from the hands of their father's executor, James H. Moore. The fund is all in solid securities.

The Ashtabula disaster was made memorable, particularly by the fate of P. P. Bliss, who had become, even at the age of 38, so widely known among the great masses who were singing his songs. When two engines and eleven cars, in a blinding snow storm, fell with the bridge, seventy-five feet to the ice below, and fire burned, beyond recognition, 100 of the 160 passengers, the interest of the admirers of Mr. Bliss was turned to the little boys left by the parents at Rome, Pa. Mr. Moody, who greatly loved and admired Mr. Bliss, at once published a request that, in Sunday schools where his songs were sung, penny collections be taken for the support and education of these orphaned boys.

SILVER MEN WILL BOLT,

And Nominate Their Own President and Vice-President.

Chicago, Sept. 19.—Plans are now being formulated for a great free silver convention in Chicago. It is intended that this convention in the event that the old parties refuse to place a free silver plank in their platforms shall nominate candidates for the Presidency and Vice Presidency and organize for an active campaign in 1896. This was decided upon at yesterday's session of the free silver conference at the Auditorium. The conference completed the consolidation of the conflicting national organizations represented. It was decided that a campaign of education was the first necessity, and the management of the work was placed in the hands of an executive committee.

The national silver committee of Memphis selected for its representatives Congressman J. H. Acklen, of Tennessee; A. W. Rucker, of Colorado, and Joseph Battle, of Vermont. The other two organizations, the Bi-Metallic Union and the Bi-Metallic League will make their selections later. The president of the consolidated body will be Gen. A. J. Warner, president of the National Bi-Metallic League, and the secretary will be Edward B. Light. General Warner certainly will be one of the representatives of the league on the executive committee, and Thomas C. Merrill, of Montana, and Edward B. Light are probably members from the union.

GORMAN'S OPENING.

He Roasts the Bolters of His Party in Good Style.

Baltimore, Sept. 23.—Senator Gorman made his opening speech of the campaign at Gleneig, ten miles from Ellicott City, in his own county of Howard. There was a procession from Ellicott City to the place of meeting, where an all-day barbecue was held. Senator Gorman was escorted by a cavalcade of horsemen, and ex-Gov. John Lee Carroll, the chairman of the meeting, was picked up on the way. In his speech, Gov. Carroll said he was compelled to avow that the party was "in danger of defeat by the action of those whose support it should justly claim." Further on, he said: "I am not going to mince words. The cry is 'Down with Gorman;' down with the boss who rules the political action of the party.' Are you quite sure that the defeat of our party will accomplish that end? Some years ago the Republicans in Pennsylvania defeated Delamatter, who was Quay's man, to destroy the boss, but to-day Quay is stronger than ever.""

Senator Gorman was the last speaker of the day. He said the Republicans were making frantic efforts to eliminate all questions of national concern from the canvass, and were aided by a few discontented men heretofore acting with the Democratic party. After discussing the national issues, which he said could not be eliminated, Senator Gorman, referring to the fact that the malcontents base their bolt not on account of opposition to the Democratic nominee personally, but because he was nominated as Gorman's man, declared that so far as his judgment and preferences were concerned they were not in the direction of Mr. Hurst, of whom he had not thought in connection with the gubernatorial nomination. Mr. Gorman declared that the bolters had no warrant to use President Cleveland's name in opposition to the Democratic ticket.

THE DURRANT TRIAL

Defense Will Open Speedily, and Promises a Surprise.

San Francisco, Sept. 18.—The prosecution in the Durrant case will complete its direct case early next week. The opening statement of the defense is awaited with much interest. It will be the first intimation of what it expects to prove. It has been said an alibi for Durrant will be shown, and further that another man than Durrant went into the church when the prisoner is said to have entered it. Yesterday Miss Emma L. Turner was the first witness. She is a member of the Emanuel church and knows Durrant. She testified that on April 3 she was not with the defendant in Emanuel church. Mrs. Leake yesterday testified that the girl she saw walking into Emanuel church with Durrant was either Blanche Lamont or Miss Turner. Organist George King was then put upon the stand to prove that he saw the prisoner in the church at 5 p. m. on April 3, almost an hour after Durrant was said by Mrs. Leake to have entered the church. King proved an unwilling witness, apparently shielding Durrant whenever possible. He admitted that the defendant and his attorneys advised him to give his testimony as given at the preliminary examination. This created a tremendous sensation, but on cross-examination he said he had not been asked to change his evidence. He told how he came into Emanuel church to play a new piece on the organ, and when he had been playing a few minutes Durrant appeared, pale, dishevled and sick, breathless and without hat or coat. Durrant said that while repairing some gas pipes he had been overcome, and at Durrant's request witness went to a drug store and purchased some bromo seltzer which Durrant drank. Then, at his request, Durrant helped him carry a small organ from one part of the church to another. The prisoner appeared exhausted, and was frequently obliged to stop and rest. Witness stated he detected no escaping gas, and thought all the gas jets and pipes were in perfect order.

When George B. King, the organist of Emanuel church, was on the witness stand in the Durrant trial Wednesday, the prosecution by an oversight failed to examine him on two material points. When King was first interviewed in reference to the murders, by representatives of the different newspapers, he denied all knowledge of anything which in the remotest way might conect Durrant with the commission of either crime. His denial was made in a way which left a strong impression that the young man was not telling the truth. It was then that the suspicion arose that he knew more than he cared to tell. This opinion rapidly crystallized into an idea that he knew something he did not dare to tell. His father became frightened at this condition of affairs, and the result was young King's important announcement to the police that he was in the church that afternoon, and saw Durrant in a strangely agitated state.

King was then seen by the interviewers, and to a reporter from each of the morning newspapers declared voluntarily and with emphasis that after Durrant had gone to a small mirror in the church he also went there and on the shelf below the mirror saw a clot of blood, as if Durrant had wiped his finger there. Shortly after young King made his sworn statement to the chief of police, the father of Durrant is said to have called upon him and begged him to say that the man he saw in the church in such a condition looked like Theodore Durrant and was not really the man who is now on trial for his life. King answered that he could not change his testimony even to save his friend. King will be recalled as a witness and questioned upon these points.

TWO THIEVISH TELLERS.

When One Stole the Other Made a "Dummy" Entry.

Chicago, Sept. 20.—Joseph H. Wilson, receiving teller of the National Bank of Illinois, has confessed to taking $7,000 of the bank's money. Benjamin B. Jones, paying teller of the same institution, is charged with stealing $12,600. The plan of working the thing was simple. Whenever one was short, the other made a "dummy" entry, and the thing was fixed.

National bank examiners and experts went over the books of the bank at short intervals, but by their system of transfer the two were able to pull the wool over the eyes of all the examiners and experts.

But Jones and Wilson made one mistake. One of them went away on a vacation. Then, through the admittance of another to the office of the paying teller, small irregularities were discovered, and finally the whole secret was out. Jones went away about three weeks ago. He had hardly left town before experts began poring over his accounts, and in a few days Wilson was confronted by the evidence taken from the books.

He cried, promised to tell it all, and detailed to the bank officials all the plans of himself and Jones, just how they did the work of abstracting the money and how they covered up their tracks. He was at once relieved, and another man was put in. Jones was allowed to finish his vacation. When he came back, he was confronted with the evidence, and was told that his accomplice had "given up." He, too, broke down, and made a clean breast of it. Both men are in the city, and are under surveillance, no arrests having been made.

GRIGGS FOR GOVERNOR.

Nominated by New Jersey Republicans by Acclamation.

Trenton, N. J., Sept. 20.—The Republican state convention met here yesterday and nominated John W. Griggs, of Union county, ex-state Senator and a prominent lawyer, for governor. Because of the fact that the resolutions are very hopeful of success this fall the convention attracted to the city more of the rank and file of the party than has been seen at a similar gathering for over twenty years.

His chief competitor was ex-Congressman John Kean, jr., who was the candidate against Gov. Werts three years ago. Upon questions of national import, the platform says:

"We reaffirm our devotion to the national policy of our party; our opposition to any attempt to impose upon this country a debased or depreciated currency, and our firm belief in the wisdom and beneficence of a tax upon imports which will afford protection to American industry and adequate revenue."

UNCLE SAM'S ENEMIES

Would Receive a Warm Greeting at the Golden Gate.

San Francisco, Sept. 23.—The United States government is now able to blow out of the water, at a day's notice, a whole hostile fleet that might attempt to enter the Golden Gate. The battery of the big pneumatic dynamite guns, ordered for the defense of this port a year or more ago, has been advanced so far toward completion that two of the guns could be effectively worked with only 24 hours' preparation. The two guns now set up will be actually fired during the contractor's preliminary tests within ten days, and it is expected that within six weeks some old hulks which have been blown to splinters in official tests and in battery tests will be used before turned over to the government.

COLLIDED WITH A WHALE.

Steamer Badly Damaged, but the Leviathan Made Off.

San Francisco, Sept. 20.—The steamer schooner Sunohi, which left last night for Oregon ports, returned to-day for repairs. After leaving port she collided with a sixty-foot whale. The leviathan's tail got tangled up with the propeller, breaking the blades, leaving the vessel in almost disabled condition.

Fire Swept Hot Springs.

Hot Springs, Ark., September 23.—A fire here early this morning destroyed the Pacific Hotel on Central ave., the Crescent House adjoining, the Valley livery stables, the Jewish synagogue, and five cottages in the rear of the Pacific Hotel involving a loss of $50,000 which was only partly insured.

CUBANS ARE GAINING.

Spain is in a Tumult Over the Growing Revolution.

Chicago, Sept. 24.—A special to the Tribune from Havana, September 19, says: "Armed parties of revolutionists are already in the province of Matanzas, and actually within 75 miles of the city of Havana. Of greater importance is the reported advance into the province of Matanzas. If, as expected, they have quantities of arms and munitions there concealed, and if they really advancing in force, the crisis is not far off.

Yesterday morning at 2 o'clock while

BARTOLA MASSO.
President of the Cuban Republic.

the steamer Santa Barbara with the battalion of Tetuan, 1,000 men, was waiting outside the harbor, the governmental chief of police suddenly called in his inspectors and chief officers, and at 2:30 o'clock these, with reinforcements from the municipal police, went off rapidly in many directions. Eighty-five persons were arrested by them within a few hours, and are now confined in cells in the Mora castle.

Rumors were soon flying around that a great conspiracy has been discovered, and that the initial step was to have been an attack with dynamite on the Santa Barbara or on the battalion. It is said documents implicating important personages have been found. It is also said that a large quantity of concealed arms and munitions have been seized. The sequel to the arrests came at midnight when there was a frightful accident in the harbor. This action was nothing more nor less than the sinking of the Spanish cruiser Barcaeztegui, in which 41 lives were lost.

This terrible affair, coming close on the heels of the arrests, has caused profound alarm. While official reports leave little doubt that the collision was accidental, nevertheless it is a strange coincidence at least. The question is asked how the Mortera should have been attempting to enter the port after it was closed, and there are those who say it was better to send a Spanish cruiser and an admiral to the bottom than even a troop ship.

Cuban Republic Formed.

Tampa, Fla., Sept. 24.—Letters received yesterday by a prominent Cuban leader state that the constitutional convention was held at Najas, at which Bartola Masso was elected President of the Cuban Republic; Marquis of Santa Lucia, minister of Interior; Tomaso Estrada Palma, representative of the government in the exterior, and Maximo Gomez general-in-chief.

Some time ago, when delegates were called, Santa Lucia was mentioned as president of the convention, and the impression prevailed that he was the destined constitutional president. Masso was born sixty years ago at Manzanillo. He is highly connected and thoroughly educated. He left Manzanillo February 24 last and was considered as the head of the revolution in the Eastern department. When this occurred Callega sent a committee of prominent autonomists and some chiefs of the former revolution to dissuade him, but he was not pliable. The committee went again, reinforced by ex-President Spotorno, who during his term published a decree to put to death any person who should propose anything but Cuban independence. Masso received him, but learning his purpose of dissuasion told him to leave the camp immediately or his own decree would be enforced.

Spanish Deserter's Story.

New York, Sept. 24.—News of a battle in which the Spanish were defeated by the Cubans and lost 300 men was received yesterday by President Palma. It came in a letter written August 14, by Pedro Rovira, a Cuban private who deserted the Spanish ranks at Puera Lego, when Campos was defeated. In a later engagement Rovira was captured by the Spanish, courtmartialed and sentenced to receive 400 lashes and to be shot. The sentence was carried out while Rovira was shouting for Cuban liberty. The Spaniards were greatly incensed against him, as he had killed three of their men before being captured.

The letter says that all Santiago, where the execution took place, was incensed against the Spaniards, and then goes on to describe a hard fought battle:

"In the engagement the Cuban's loss was forty men wounded and killed. The Spaniards lost over 300 men, 30 horses and a large store of provisions and ammunitions of war."

Antonio Maceo returned to his camp at Escandel. Three miles away at Caney, the Cubans can see their flag floating over his camp. Col. Pegeda, at the head of 1,000 Spaniards, well provisioned, left Santiago for Combre to-day (14th Sept.). Spaniards are deserting every day and joining the Cubans.

The Spaniards after the battle sent a cable to Spain headed: "The defeat and capture of Jose Maceo," and also asked for the reward and advance of the officers in the engagement.

Rebels Suffer Reverses.

Havana, Sept. 24.—Dispatches received by the officials here report a defeat of insurgents in the mountains of Seborucal, between Pala and Mazantini. The insurgents, who numbered six hundred, under command of Quintin Bravo, Fernandez Gonzales and Francisco Carrillo, were attacked by Colonel Oliver's column of Spanish troops and their camp was captured with all its provisions and ammunition. When the insurgents withdrew they left five of their number dead and carried twenty wounded with them. None of the government force was injured.

Insurgent bands which had been defeated and dispersed in the province of Santa Clara are reassembling in the province of Matanzas. Troops have been dispatched from Cardenas to break up these bands. Col. Aldecoa has been promoted to a brigadier generalship for his bravery in defending a convoy of troops and provisions at Gualmaro and in the action at Tunas.

DARK OUTLOOK IN BRAZIL.

Its Political Affairs Are Approaching a Crisis.

Buenos Ayres, Argentina, September 23.—Rio Janeiro, Brazil, telegraphs that the political situation in Brazil is very serious and that apparently a crisis is approaching. President Moraes's ultimatum that he will resign unless the bill granting amnesty to revolutionists in Rio Grande do Sul shall be passed has been met by a resolve on the part of the house of deputies that the bill will never become a law without the introduction of important restrictions. One group of senators has issued a manifesto addressed to the public in which it is stated that the passage of the original amnesty bill is a political necessity and must be accomplished. There has been serious doubt here among Argentina's deputies and the minister of finance, Senor Romero. It is reported that the minister may resign.

Miss Willard's Reception.

London, Sept. 21.—A farewell reception was tendered to Miss Frances Willard prior to her return to America, at the Metropolitan Tabernacle on Friday, by the British Woman's Temperance association.

To Blow Up the Porte.

Constantinople, Sept. 23.—Great precautions have been adopted for the protection of the palace of the Sublime Porte, owing to the discovery of a Macedonian plot to blow up the buildings with dynamite.

FALL OF TEMPORAL POWER.

Rome, Sept. 20.—With the majority of Italians, wherever they are, to-day is a day of rejoicing and festivities, the occasion being the celebration of the fall of the temporal power of the pope, and the proclamation of Rome as capital of Italy.

At Rome the day is being celebrated on a more extensive plape, the central feature being the dedication of a monument surmounted by a statue emblematical of the victory.

The statue, representing Victory, is of bronze, gilded, and its material was furnished by the pope's cannon taken from his soldiers the 20th of September, 1870. The pedestal bears the following inscription, dictated by Giovanni Bovio, the illustrious philosopher and member of the Italian parliament:

THE XXVth ANNIVERSARY
Of the XXth of September, 1870,
when
Through the Breach
ITALY RE-ENTERED ROME,
And the Universality of Right
Twice Affirmed, Roman-like
The Fates Added
The Free Conscience of a New Humanity.

Twenty-five years ago the fall of the temporal power of the popes marked the beginning of a new era to which the civilized world gave its hearty approval. Rome, the Eternal City, was for many centuries the scene of the most abominable acts, under the auspices of the supreme chiefs of the Roman Catholic hierarchy of the pontiff. But the habemus pontificem is an event of the dark past, of which the whole world stood in dread. The assumption now of the so-called successor of St. Peter has no fear for anybody, no more than the succession of week days.

Neither the non possumus and the excommunication of Pius IX., nor the jamais of the French General Rhoner could stop that triumphal march of the Italians to their legal and loyal capital, at the dawn of the 20th of September, 1870, through the breccia (breach) of Porta Pia and amidst the enthusiastic reception of the Roman people, who gathered by thousands and thousands to meet the Italian army. Rome on that day and on many others was converted into a carnival of joy, and every house was ornamented with the Italian tri-color flags and many emblems symbolizing the great event.

The second day of the following October a plebiscite of the Roman people was held to declare by votes their preference, to be under Victor Emanuel or Pius IX. The result was: 48,000 votes cast in favor of King Victor Emmanuel and two in favor of the Pope, Pius IX.

In the year 1871 the Italian government was duly established in Rome, and in opening the first session of the parliament the king, Victor Emmanuel, in his inaugural address, said: "Siamo in Roma e vi resteremo," which means, "We are in Rome, and we will stay." The Pope's excommunication of the royal family, senate, parliament, Italian army, Roman people and every one who took part or sympathized with, or will sympathize with, that event, was accepted only with laughter.

Some years ago, when the present Pope, Leo XIII, endeavored to provoke a movement in his favor by all the Catholic nations to reinstate him in Rome, as he was prior to the 20th of September, 1870, and made an attempt (in words alone) to leave Rome and the Vatican, and to look for a new see, many nations offered him a shelter. Spain, France, Portugal, etc., offered him their hospitality, but not a Vatican, as the only one in existence is in Rome, embracing an area of a large town with 11,000 rooms, many large halls, galleries, lobbies, chapels, 20 court-yards, eight large staircases, 200 smaller stairways, a library of about 250,000 volumes, a very large museum of fine arts, an immense garden, a forest, a lake, and St. Peter's, which is the largest and richest church in the world.

MONUMENT DEDICATED AT ROME TO-DAY.

The Italian people were very much amused at such a feeble trick on his part and at such a farce as the removal of his papal see, and they called it a big diplomatic fiasco. Pope Leo XIII is still there, and there he will stay until his last day comes. He knows, and Premier Crispi told him, that if he left Rome and the Vatican for another see, the Vatican would pass into the possession of the Italian authorities, and on its front door a placard bearing the inscription "To Let" would be affixed.

Rome now, as it began 25 years ago, enjoys a free press, free schools, free speech, free thought, free conscience, all which are the supreme beneficiation of a free people.

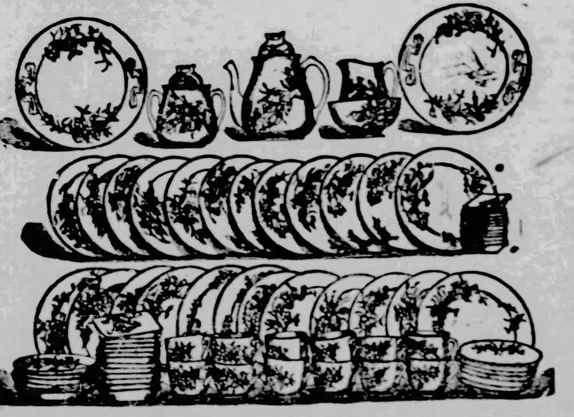
Italian Fetes Closed With the Unveiling of His Statue.

Rome, Sept. 21.—The fetes celebrating the 25th anniversary of the entry of the Italian army into Rome, which began on the 14th inst., culminated yesterday in the ceremony of the unveiling of the monument to Gen. Garibaldi on the Janiculum hill, in the presence of King Humbert and the royal family, the court, ministers and deputations of the veterans who served under Garibaldi.

BLADE CHINA TEA SETS
—AND—
DINNER SETS.

Another Reduction--Later Designs.

Eighty, Fifty-six, One Hundred and Eight or Twenty-eight Pieces handsomely decorated in several colors and gold band. These goods are made especially for THE BLADE, and we guarantee the highest quality of goods, the best grade of workmanship, the latest and most stylish shape of pieces, as well as late and artistic design of decoration. The following illustration was reproduced from a photograph of our first 80-piece Tea Set. It gives a fair idea, but we now have later designs and shapes. Also we give better material and color than formerly.



**No. 1.—BLADE STANDARD TEA SET

WASHINGTON.

WILL INVESTIGATE.

The Commission Will Start Immediately for the Scene of Riots.

Washington, Sept. 20.—Minister Denby has completed at last the arrangements for the investigation of the missionary riots at Cheng Tu, in the province of Szechuen, Western China. He cabled Secretary Olney to-day that the Chinese government had withdrawn its opposition to the commission, and that the latter would start at once for the scene of the riots. The riots at Cheng Tu occurred late last spring, but owing to the distance of Cheng Tu from the coast weeks elapsed before even the first reports reached the cable terminus. While no American missionaries were killed, much valuable mission property was destroyed, and the purpose of the commission is to fix the responsibility for the outrages, secure the punishment of the guilty parties, and probably financial reparation for losses sustained by the missionaries.

As the British missions suffered much more than the American missions, and in their case there was actual loss of life, our State Department sought to secure the cooperation of the British government in making the investigation and in a joint demand upon the Chinese government for full reparation, just as was done in the case of the Ku Cheng investigation. The British government consented at first and charged one of their consuls to represent it, but so long delayed sending the latter that our own government, finding that the British would not be ready until well along in the fall, determined upon independent action. The Chinese government did not relish this plan, but according to Mr. Denby's dispatch it has finally given its consent to the inquiry and will send a Chinese official as a member of the commission. The representatives of our government will be Sheridan P. Read, United States consul at Tien Tsin, Commander Francis M. Barber, United States naval attaché at Tokio, and Fleming D. Cheshire, the interpreter of the United States legation at Peking. Mr. Cheshire will go as secretary or recorder of the commission.

The commission will start at once from Tien Tsin, but owing to the great distance from that place to Cheng Tu the journey, which must be made overland and without the aid of railroads, will consume at least a month. It will probably be well along in November, therefore, before the real work of the investigation begins.

HIGHER 'N GILDEROY'S KITE.

Armor Plate Was Knocked by the Navy's Gun.

Washington, Sept. 18.—A very successful test was made yesterday at Indian Head of the 13-inch gun for the navy as well as the structure of the battleships upon which the heavy armor is bolted. The plate was the same used in the test two weeks ago when it withstood the shots from the 12-inch gun, save for having been cracked down the middle. The plate was 14 inches thick, and of Harveyized nickel steel. It was fastened to a structure representing the side of the battleship Iowa. A Wheeler-Sterling armor-piercing shell weighing 1,100 pounds was fired from a 13-inch rifle with 480 pounds of powder a distance of 380 feet with a velocity of 1,800 feet per second. It struck the plate upon that portion not injured by the previous shots, cracked it into three pieces, penetrated the plate and bulkhead supporting it and disappeared in the sand. There was no doubt expressed among the naval officers that the shot would have penetrated any armor made, and in a ship equipped with the plate like that tested the opinion was that the shot would have penetrated the ship and knocked the plate off on the opposite side.

DELUGED WITH CLAIMS.

Mora Claim Threatens to Become a Jarndyce Case.

Washington, Sept. 19.—The Mora claim threatens to become a second Jarndyce case. Every mail brings to the state department fresh assignments and sub-assignments and, until there is a reasonable certainty that all outstanding assignments have been heard from, the department cannot proceed with the division of the indemnity. In addition to these assignments there are broad claims that threaten to give much trouble. Among these are the claim of Mora's nephew to a moiety of the indemnity on the ground that his father was half owner with Mora in the seized estates, and one for a large amount by a person who claims to have held a mortgage on the estate. It is believed at the state department that these claims eventually must be passed upon by the courts and from the amounts involved the claimants doubtless will not be contented with anything less than the decision of the supreme court, in which case the department may be enjoined against any disbursements of the fund for an indefinite period.

DR. TALMAGE IS WANTED.

First Presbyterian Church Voted to Extend Him a Call.

Washington, Sept. 24.—The congregation of the First Presbyterian church of this city last night voted to extend a call to Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage to be co-pastor. Mr. and Mrs. Cleveland are members of this congregation. It will be understood if Dr. Talmage accepts the call that it shall not interfere with the Christian Endeavor and other work. Dr. Allen, who is Dr. Sunderland's assistant pastor now, will retire if Dr. Talmage accepts, at the end of the year. It is understood that Dr. Talmage will accept.

Rev. Mr. Talmage Accepts.

New York, Sept. 20.—Rev. Dr. Talmage has decided to accept the call from the First Presbyterian church at Washington. He has written to Rev. Byron Sunderland saying he will accept the associate pastorate of that reverend gentleman's church. It is understood that he will be installed about October 10.

TARIFF ON EGGS.

Helps the Canucks All Right, but Paralyzes Home Industry.

Washington, C. H., O., Sept. 23.—The members of the Southern Ohio Poultry association are complaining that under the operations of the Brice-Gorman free trade bill their sales and profits have been reduced more than one-half as compared with their business during the operation of the McKinley law. A prominent firm of this city, who ship poultry and eggs to all parts of the country, have this to say: "The present depression in business in our line is beyond doubt owing to the enormous shipments of poultry and eggs from Canada to the United States, which, under the McKinley law, were shut out on account of the duty then imposed. The Canadian hen is no better eating and lays no better eggs than the hen that lays her eggs under the folds of the stars and stripes, yet she is now supplying much of our vast Eastern poultry and egg market. The duty on poultry and eggs should be restored to where it was under the McKinley law (and we believe it will be), and then the poultry interest, which is the greatest single industry in the United States, will again thrive."

TO ALL CONSULAR OFFICES.

President Cleveland Has Extended the Civil Service System.

Washington, Sept. 23.—The President, by an executive order issued to-day but dated September 20, has extended the civil service system, in a modified form to all consular officers whose compensation directly and through fees now ranges from $1,000 to $2,500. This will include about one-half of the total number of consuls who receive more than $1,000. This change has been gained by reviving in substance an old order of 1873. Vacancies in the service will be filled hereafter by transfer or promotion, by appointment of qualified persons formerly in the employ of the State department and by appointment of persons selected by the President after passing a non-competitive examination.

HAWAIIAN SUGAR TRADE.

San Francisco Loses It and New York Gets It.

Washington, Sept. 21.—Consul-General Mills has sent to the Department of State a report upon the diversion of the sugar trade, of the Hawaiian Islands from San Francisco to New York. He says that until the present year all the goods invoiced at his office at Honolulu were consigned to San Francisco, but that during the first six months of this year $1,132,341 worth of the $4,949,916 of sugar exported to the United States was sent direct to New York via Cape Horn. All of the new York consignments were made to the American Sugar Refining company.

IN WALLER'S BEHALF.

E. G. Woodford Will be an Important Witness.

Washington, Sept. 18.—Mr. Langston, counsel for ex-Consul Waller, and Paul Bray, stepson of the latter, were at the state department yesterday. They have received letters from Waller showing that his health is improving slightly. As the advices received here are to the effect that the record of the court-martial in this case cannot possibly reach Paris before the 22d instant at the earliest, the statement of a French newspaper showing that Waller's case is hopeless is entirely discredited here. An important witness in Wallers' behalf and one who, it is alleged, can be relied upon to prevent any "doctoring" of the court-martial record, will start for the United States in a few days from London. This is Mr. E. G. Woodford, a civil engineer and an American citizen who was in Madagascar at the time of the Waller trial.

WILL COME RIGHT HOME.

Mrs. Waller Will Not Attempt to See Her Husband.

Washington, Sept. 24.—Secretary Olney has received the following telegram from Ambassador Eustis, dated at Paris yesterday:

"Mrs. Waller's family arrived at Paris. She has decided not to visit her husband. Impossible to engage passage before October 2, on which day they will sail on the Amsterdam."

Paul Bray, Mrs. Waller's son by a former marriage, was at the department early to-day and was one of the first to be put in possession of the news concerning his mother. He has not received any word from her direct since she left Mauritius.

It is presumed that Mrs. Waller acted under the advice of Mr. Eustis in not attempting to see her husband while in France. She landed at Marseilles, near where he is in prison.

JOSEPH HOLT'S WILL.

The Mysterious One Was Offered Friday for Probate.

Washington, Sept. 20.—Blair Lee and J. J. Darlington to-day offered for probate the will of the late Joseph Holt, that was received by mail when it was supposed no will was left by Judge Holt. The witnesses to this mysteriously transmitted will are Gen. Grant, Gen. Sherman and Mrs. Sherman. The petition presented by the attorneys is that of Luke Devlin, named in the will as executor, who asks that the will be admitted to probate and letters testamentary be granted him; also, that the order appointing the National Safe Deposit, Savings and Trust company, administrators of the estate, be declared void.

EUROPEAN SUGAR.

A Normal Yield Is Expected This Year.

Washington, Sept. 21.—In a report to the state department Consul General Mason, of Frankfort, Germany, says there is every reason to expect a full normal yield of sugar both in quantity and quality from the entire area which Europe has devoted this year to sugar beet culture. It is impossible to estimate the area planted, but the International Association on Sugar Statistics places it at 3,290,832 acres, or 13 per cent less for all Europe than in 1894.

WILL GO HOME.

Venezuelan Attache Insulted American Women and Must Leave.

Washington, Sept. 20.—Senor Alberto Pombona, the attache of the Venezuelan legation, who was arrested in New York city charged with insulting women on the street, will leave the city to-day for New York preparatory to departing for Venezuela. This action, it is said, will be taken on the advice of the minister, who regards the usefulness of the attache in this country at an end.

CHINESE FOR ATLANTA.

Grave Suspicions Aroused and Deportation Possible.

Washington, Sept. 20.—The treasury officials are keeping a close watch on the 200 Chinese recently admitted into this country at Ogdensburg, N. Y., and now at Atlanta. Statements have reached the department that the 40 Chinese women in the party were brought here for immoral purposes.

The department agents at Atlanta have been advised of these matters and instructed to keep a lookout for evidence of their having been brought here illegally.

Mohair Is Expensive.

Washington, Sept. 18.—Consul Claude Meeker sends the Department of State an interesting report on the recent astonishing rise in the price of mohair from Bradford, Eng., where two-thirds of the mohair of the world is manufactured into weaving material. He says the price of the raw material has increased from 24 cents to 64 cents per pound and of the yarns from 48 cents to $1.03 per pound. One firm is reported to have cleared $5,000,000 in the past five months.

A Labor of Names.

Washington, Sept. 23.—The United States board on geographic names, a body charged with the duty of prescribing the proper method of spelling the names of places throughout the globe, has just completed its second report. This comprises a list of 600 names, making the number of names passed upon by the board since its creation in 1891, 5,364.

PITTSBURG'S CORRUPT POLICE.

Detective Releases a Thief on Payment of $100.

Pittsburg, Sept. 24.—The investigation of the charges of bribery, corruption and blackmail against the police department of this city was begun this morning. The first witness was Marion Clark, a young man, who testified that he had been arrested for stealing a diamond. After his arrest he arranged with Detective Robinson to pay $100 and he was released. The $100 was paid by check on the Second National bank, and the cancelled check was produced and marked exhibit "A." There was no secret about giving the check.

MINERS ASSEMBLING.

Question of Wages in Ohio Must be Settled.

Massillon, O., Sept. 24.—Massillon miners are assembling for a conference the effect of which will be to determine whether all the Ohio miners are to strike or not. It is given out that the convention will demand 60 cents and reject the offer of 56 cents on October 1st, assuming that theirs is the correct interpretation of the Pittsburg agreement.

BRAKEMAN'S GOOD FORTUNE.

James McGinnis's Brother Left Him $750,000.

St. Joseph, Mich., Sept. 24.—James McGinnis received word yesterday that his only brother had died in Cincinnati, leaving him $750,000. Mr. McGinnis is now employed as a brakeman on the Chicago & West Michigan railway. He will leave to-day to claim his fortune.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

FOR IRISH FREEDOM.

This Movement is to be Made Vigorous and World Wide.

Chicago, Sept. 24.—Stern earnestness marked to-day's opening of the "new movement" for Ireland's independence. In a great gathering of men of Irish blood from every quarter of the United States, the preliminary steps were taken for a fresh world-wide effort of the race in behalf of their mother-land.

The convention was held in the magnificent new Y. M. C. A. building on La Salle street, and started with the unique distinction of being the first assemblage of the kind held in America within 20 years, not linked with the idea of main reliance upon parliamentary agitation.

A return to what they termed first principles seemed to be the idea permeating the delegates. The "compacts" and "treaties" with British statesmen through which the forces of Irish revolution have been held in check for a definite period, are, it was the talk among those in attendance, now at an end by limitation, with nothing for Ireland to show in return. Dwelling on this, no small portion of the delegates were inclined to discuss anew the possibilities, military and otherwise, of the famous Fenian maxim, "England's peril is Ireland's opportunity."

The chief purposes of the convention are, the formation of a new national organization to be made international if practicable, and to take action of some sort in behalf of Irish political prisoners still in British jails.

Among the first arrivals in the convention hall was Mayor Fitzpatrick, of New Orleans. Gen. M. W. Kerwin, ex-collector of the port of New York, came in with William Lyman, of the same city, treasurer of the Irish National League. Shortly afterward followed in the steady stream of delegates: O'Neill Ryan, of St. Louis; Maurice F. Wilhere, of Philadelphia; Judge Savage, of California; G. W. Sweeny, of Cincinnati; James Killilea, of Nashville, and others equally well known.

Convention Opened.

The convention was called to order by John T. Keating, state president of the Ancient Order of Hibernians of Illinois. He introduced as temporary chairman ex-Congressman John F. Finerty, of Chicago. Mr. Finerty was given a rousing reception.

The opening of the convention was marked by intense enthusiasm. The formal opening of proceedings was long delayed by the reading of telegrams from Irish sympathizers from all parts of the world, and the delay was increased by the great care taken to prevent other than authorized delegates passing the door-keepers. Chairman Finerty's spirited address, calling for prompt and efficient action in behalf of Ireland was frequently interrupted by the cheerings of the enthusiastic delegates. No attempt was made to transact business at the opening session, and at the conclusion of Mr. Finerty's speech the convention adjourned for luncheon.

A. P. A.'S BOLD STAND.

It Proposes to Control the Presidential Election.

Kansas City, Mo., Sept. 24.—Judge J. H. Jackson, of Ft. Worth, Tex., national vice president of the American Protective association, lectured at Turner hall last night. When asked about the condition of the A. P. A. he said:

"The order is growing rapidly in numbers. We have in round numbers 3,500,000 members. In California we have 200,000 and in the older states further East the number of members we have is enormous and growing daily.

Continuing Mr. Jackson said:

"We are getting ready to surprise Missourians. Missouri is well organized, but we would rather show you by our votes than tell you how big a vote we have."

"Will the order take part in the next national campaign?"

"It certainly will, and it will go in to win. On October 14th there will be a convention at St. Louis, attended by 96 delegates, two from each state, and some of our officers, and at that time a very strong committee will be appointed.

"It will be the duty of that committee to lay before each political party our principles, and to explain to each our position. The committee will present our platform. We will demand recognition; put each party on record, and then determine what we shall do. You can depend on this: We won't vote with a party that condemns our principles, and we won't support any party that makes a bid for the Roman Catholic vote."

"Do you expect, then, to control the next election?"

"We do. The party we vote with will win. We are going to run a political party, but we have principles to carry out, and it is to advance them that we shall vote.

"We will have a hand in the elections in every state in the Union. Our method of dealing with the parties in each state will be much the same as our methods in city politics."

A VAST FORTUNE,

Through Guatemala's Strange Law, May be Lost to the Heirs.

Washington, Sept. 24.—United States Consul General Pringle at Guatemala in a report to the state department dated August 31 announces the death in a hospital there on July 16 of James McCormack, a carpenter, said to have been an American citizen. He had about $150,000 or $200,000 on his person and about $800,000 in the International bank. The courts appointed Javier Arroyo administrator. The law of the country obliges the legal representatives of any one who dies in the hospital in the state to present themselves within thirty days, otherwise the estate reverts to the hospital. As the consul general was told that McCormack left a wife and some children, supposed to be in England, he procured from the judge an extension to three months of the time allowed for the appearance of the heirs, the furthest limit permitted by law, but he expresses fear that the time will elapse before the widow gets the notice.

THINK THEY HAVE 'EM.

Number of Men Arrested for the Wisconsin Train Robbery.

Waupaca, Wis., Sept. 24.—There are now four men under arrest charged with being implicated in the attempted train robbery three miles from here on the Wisconsin Central road last Thursday. Finley, alias Baker, was arrested at Big Falls last night and claims to be able to prove an alibi. Last night Dick Glenn, William Dalton and John Burke were arrested at Scandinavia on suspicion. A lot of jewelry was found on their persons. Large posses are still searching the swamps and forests.

THREATENED BY FIRE.

Timber Land in Wisconsin is in Great Danger.

Appleton, Wis., Sept. 24.—Yesterday's gale fanned the big swamp fire into a sea of flame and swept away a strip of timber a mile and a half long and a mile wide. Farms in the threatened region are being protected by means of back fires, and it is hoped that the damage can be confined to the timber. The loss to the timber already amounts to $10,000 and will soon reach $20,000 if the remainder of the swamp goes, as is now likely.

He Burned Jane Merill.

Monroe, Mich., Sept. 19.—Enos Larkins, the young negro under arrest for murdering and burning the body of Mrs. Jane Merrill (colored), has confessed that his wife killed Mrs. Merrill with a club in his presence. Mrs. Larkins was arrested yesterday. The motive for the crime was to secure possession of Mrs. Merrill's property.

AN ENGAGEMENT ANNOUNCED.

Duke of Marlborough and Miss Consuelo Vanderbilt.

New York, Sept. 21.—The engagement of the young Duke of Marlborough to Miss Consuelo Vanderbilt, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt, which has been repeatedly affirmed and denied during the past month, was formally announced last night. The duke himself is authority for the statement. He was seen at the Waldorf Hotel and asked concerning the truth of the current reports, whereupon he requested that the facts be

MISS VANDERBILT.

made public in the following words: "It is officially announced that a marriage has been arranged between the Duke of Marlborough and Miss Consuelo Vanderbilt. The engagement was arranged by Mrs. Vanderbilt's friends and those of the Duke of Marlborough. The wedding will take place toward the latter part of this year in New York."

The duke said that he would leave to-day on a trip through the state as the guest of Sir Rivers Wilson, president of the Grand Trunk.

This marriage will connect the house of Vanderbilt to the principal ducal families of the British empire, particularly those of Buccleuh, Roxburg and Abercorn. The Duke of Abercorn is an uncle of the Duke of Marlborough.

HIS DOOKLETS.

All Americans are familiar with the history of both families to this union. The marriage of the father of the young duke to an American lady in New York, Mrs. Hammersly, is a part of recent history, as is the separation and divorce of the father and mother of the young bride-to-be. The duke has been in this country but a few weeks and most of the time has been the guest of Mrs. Vanderbilt in her magnificent Newport home. The frequency with which he has been seen in public with Miss Vanderbilt has given ground for the current reports of their engagement, so that the announcement will not be a surprise to the public.

New York, Sept. 24.—Mr. Chauncey M. Depew returned from Newport yesterday, where he is supposed to have been on a mission of peace to patch up the differences between Mrs. William K. Vanderbilt and her former husband's family, in anticipation of the approaching marriage of Miss Consuelo Vanderbilt to the Duke of Marlborough.

Mr. Depew looked very happy and as though he had accomplished the object of his visit.

Her dowry will, of course, be a large one. $10,000,000 is the sum generally mentioned.

In addition to the $10,000,000 dowry, Miss Vanderbilt will have $50,000 a year, which sum goes with every Vanderbilt girl for pin money.

Mr. Vanderbilt called on his daughter at the marble house yesterday, in the absence of Mrs. Vanderbilt, and was with her for an hour.

RUINED AN AMERICAN.

Spain Liable to Get Into Hot Water for This.

Tampa, Fla., Sept. 23.—John Repko, for fifteen years proprietor of the Roma Grande Hotel at Havana, arrived here last night. He is a Hungarian by birth, but became an American citizen ten years ago. The kitchen and warehouses connected with his hotel were built on a government lot, for which he paid them rental. On July 19 at midnight he and his family, consisting of his wife and six children, the oldest but nine years, were forcibly ejected from their property. Mrs. Ripko was prostrated with nervousness. She was sent direct to New York the following day by the Ward line steamer Yucatan. The ejectment continued until morning, when the boarders were forced to leave the breakfast table. Every vestige of furniture was removed and the entire property confiscated. All this was occasioned by a debt of $800, which Repko owed the government for rent of the lot. Repko was then taken sick and remained so several weeks. He has placed his case under the management of F. R. Swift, editor of the Bridgeport (Conn.) Herald, to whom all papers pertaining to it have been forwarded. The damages claimed are eight thousand dollars. Repko will remain here several days and then proceed to Washington, where he will ask the government to recognize his claim and request damages.

AMERICAN HUSBAND WANTED.

Chance for a Swell Who Likes Almond Eyes and Money.

San Jose, Cal., Sept. 23.—Hip Sing Lee, a wealthy Chinese merchant of this city, offers a half interest in his extensive merchandise business and $5,000 in cash to any reputable young American who will marry his daughter, Mol Lee.

Hip Sing Lee is the wealthiest Chinese in this valley, and his fortune is estimated at from $50,000 to $100,000. He conducts a general merchandise store, with a lottery game on the side, in this city, and has branch stores in Watsonville, Santa Cruz and Salinas. Lee has become thoroughly Americanized, and as he is getting old it is his wish to see his daughter happily married to some good American who will look after and care for his business and wealth. Lee's wife died about a year ago, and as several attempts have been made to kidnap Mol, he is afraid that if Mol does not marry soon the Highbinders may succeed in abducting her.

AFTER TWENTY-FIVE YEARS.

Mrs. Johanna Bush Discovers Her Husband.

Westfield, Mass., Sept. 24.—Mrs. Johanna Bush, of this town, believes she has discovered her husband, missing for twenty-five years, in the person of William Diamond, of Marinette, Wis., a man reported to be worth about $200,000, and to have married another woman in that state.

In 1868 Bush became involved in a scandal incident to the celebration of General Grant's first election as President and left for parts unknown.

Diamond was identified as Bush by a man who has known him from childhood. Authority has been given a Martinette lawyer to begin suit against Diamond for support for his wife, and several Westfield people are interesting themselves in the case.

Cuticura

Instantly Relieves

SKIN TORTURES

A warm bath with Cuticura Soap, a single application of Cuticura (ointment), the great skin cure, followed by mild doses of CUTICURA RESOLVENT (the new blood purifier), will afford instant relief, permit rest and sleep, and point to a speedy cure in every form of torturing, disfiguring skin humours.

Sold throughout the world. British depot: NEWBERY, London. POTTER DRUG & CHEM. CORP., Boston, U.S.A.

WEALTHY CHICAGO PERJURERS.

Sensational Report of the Illinois Bureau of Labor.

Springfield, Ill., Sept. 24.—The most sensational report ever issued by a state bureau was made public last night by the Illinois Bureau of Labor Statistics.

It charges that the great majority of the wealthy tax payers of Illinois and more especially of Chicago, are perjurers; that the assessors are guilty of malfeasance in office; that the present financial condition of Chicago is directly traceable to the corrupt system of taxation, and that the "deplorable condition of workmen is due to the liberty-destroying methods of taxation which prevail in Illinois."

The report is made up of a mass of tables compiled from official reports of assessors, banks, real estate transfers, state board of equalization and the various municipal departments to which the agents of the bureau had access. After declaring that "it is the purpose of the report to expose existing methods of taxation in Illinois, with special reference to their effect upon the labor interests," the report proceeds to review the work of former bureaus. The stand is taken that it is idle to dwell upon the wages and condition of the average wage-earners of the state. The bureau contends that their condition "is proved, by evidence so clear and abundant, that the collection of any further statistics merely to prove it would be wasted effort."

The bureau takes the position that "taxation is the chief instrument of tyranny."

FOR ORIENTAL COMMERCE.

Tacoma Will Hold a Big Fair in 1900.

Tacoma, Wash., Sept. 19.—A project to hold an Occidental and Oriental fair in Tacoma in the summer of the year 1900 was considered by a large meeting of citizens held at the chamber of commerce and unanimously approved. A preliminary organization was formed and committees appointed to perfect plans and get the work started both in this country and in the countries of the East which it is hoped to interest. The object will be to foster trade relations between the United States and Oriental nations. The project has been decided upon as a result of the great growth in Oriental traffic which has so increased in three years that 120,000 tons, or 400 train loads, of freight from and going to the Orient will be handled by the Tacoma-China line this year. Congress will be asked early in the next session to appropriate $500,000 for the fair on the ground that the Pacific coast is entitled to an appropriation for a fair, never having had one.

LORD DOWNSHIRE SUNK.

Believed to be the Boat That Was Lost.

Philadelphia, Sept. 23.—It is now generally conceded that the unknown four masted steel ship with which the British ship Prince Oscar collided July 13 last, in latitude 9.30 S, longitude 28.20 W., sinking her with all hands, is the Lord Downshire, of Belfast, which is commanded by Captain J. G. Murry, well known at this port. It appears to be generally believed at Lloyd's that this is the unknown ship, as she was known to have been in the locality of the collision just at that time, homeward bound from Caleta Bueno, from which port she sailed May 4 for Hamburg, loaded with nitrate. So positive are the underwriters of this, owing to her totalling to such an extent with the ship with which Captain Henderson, of the Prince Oscar describes, that a premium of from 80 to 85 guineas is now being paid for her reinsurance.

AN HONEST TRAMP.

He Walks One Hundred Miles to Restore Money to Its Owner.

Akron, O., Sept. 20.—About two weeks ago Mrs. Jacob Weyning, a farmer's wife, gave a tramp a pair of her hueband's old trousers. It was afterward discovered that her husband had hidden $200 in the lining of the cast-off clothing. A vigorous search failed to discover the tramp and the money was considered forever lost.

Yesterday, however, the tramp returned and with him he brought the full amount of the missing cash. The money was in bills and he had not discovered it for several days. He had walked nearly a hundred miles to return it. The man was given steady employment by Mr. Weyning, at once. He said his name was Jesse Zing and said his people lived at West Avon, Hartford county, Conn.

GOVERNOR UPMAN INJURED.

His Team Frightened on Lookout Mountain Yesterday.

Chattanooga, Tenn., Sept. 20.—As Governor Upman was riding up Lookout Mountain yesterday afternoon the horses attached to his carriage became frightened and as he was attempting to get out to hold them, he fell and broke the small bone below his right knee. He was at once taken to the Look Inn, where his injuries were cared for. The fractured bone was set and the leg was put in a plaster cast. It is not considered serious, although he will be laid up for some time. He expects to leave for Wisconsin Sunday night.

PREPARING FOR THE FRAY.

Senator Quay Authorized the Calling of the State Committee.

Philadelphia, Sept. 24.—Senator Quay was in the city for a few hours yesterday and authorized Secretaries Jere B. Rex and W. R. Andrews to send out a call for a meeting of the Republican state committee to be held on Wednesday of next week. It will be preceded in the morning by a meeting of the executive committee, the appointment of which the state committee will be expected to endorse. The plan of campaign may be discussed and means as to the best method of getting out the full party vote considered.

ENGLISH MONEY, $2,000,000

Going Into the Big Canton Plant at Once.

Springfield, O., Sept. 24.—Lawyer W. A. Scott has left for London, England, to close up the deal by which a British syndicate will purchase and operate the big Whitely shops here. The capital stock is to be over $2,000,000. The stage of doubt has passed and in a few weeks it is expected the Britishers will be running the immense plant, in which both Wm. N. and Amos Whitely will have places. A big boom is looked for in local real estate in consequence.

PEFFER INVADES JOURNALISM.

He Bought a Snorting, Rip-Roaring Populist Paper.

Topeka, Kan., Sept. 20.—The statement is published here that Senator Peffer has purchased a controlling interest in the Topeka Advocate, a Populist weekly. Three months ago the Senator stated that he expected to engage in the newspaper business at the end of his term in the United States Senate.

GATHERED AT SARATOGA.

Cool Weather Adds Zest to the Democratic Convention.

Convention Hall, Syracuse, N. Y., Sept. 24.—Cool, bracing weather and bright skies greeted the members and boomers of the state convention when they arose this morning. Nearly everybody was astir early, for the announcement that there would be a meeting of the state committee at which the New York contests would be decided kept alive the interest in addition to the lively canvass for office being made by the candidates for position on the state ticket. There was no abatement of activity in this latter direction and instead of decreasing the number of candidates seemed to increase. Senator Hill's room and the rooms of the state committee seemed to be the general Mecca, and the influence of the leaders was sought by the friends of the candidates to help their quest. All morning emissaries came and went, but no hints of a slate were thrown out, except that Judge Brown, of Orange, set a lively pace for the nomination for judge of the court of appeals. The throngs of delegates and boomers crushed and jammed through the hotel corridors and along the principal thoroughfares talking excise and candidates.

At 10 o'clock the principal interest centered about the Yates House, where the state committee was to meet. Senator Hill was ready quite early, but Chairman Hinckley and some of the others were tardy in coming to the convention hall, and the result was that 10 o'clock came before the committee got there. The session lasted just six minutes by the watch, and the only business transacted was the adoption of a resolution that the committee recommended the increase of state committee to 50 members. The usual convention resolutions were adopted, and the committee adjourned. The resolutions provide that there shall be one state committeeman from each senatorial district, making 50 in all, instead of 34 as now.

DEEP WATER WAYS.

Convention Will be Largely for Educational Purposes.

Cleveland, O., Sept. 24.—Secretary Flower, of the Deep Waterways association, estimated at noon to-day that fully 500 persons have arrived to attend the first annual convention of the association which begins this afternoon.

In some respects the assemblage will be the most remarkable which has ever gathered together. The leaders of almost every kind of business in the United States and Canada are represented among those who have arrived, all vitally interested in the subject of deep waterways. There is a strong possibility that John D. Rockefeller will be chosen to fill the office of president of the association. His name is deemed as a particularly strong one, as he is largely interested in the industries of the Nothwest and is deeply interested in the matter of transportation.

In speaking of the convention President Howland said: "Of course, the main object of the convention has been already gained; that is, the formulation of a series of scientific papers that will present the question of deep water ways in a manner that will form a text book for a more popular presentation of the subject for all future time. The burning question before the convention is that of maintaining the lake levels.

So far as the Chicago drainage canal is concerned I look upon it rather as a godsend than otherwise. When we find a variation of several feet in the levels of the lake it is hardly worth while to talk about the variation of a few inches."

Vice President L. E. Cooley, of Chicago, who is one of the directors of the Chicago canal, and who has been identified with that project since it started, said: "I cannot say what action, if any, will be taken by the association. It is educational in object, and is for the purpose of better understanding what is needed, the best way to arrive at those ends, to create public sentiment and educate the public and to act as an incentive for legislation in the proper direction."

AMERICAN STEAMER FOUNDERED.

Edam Run Into, but Her Crew is Saved.

Plymouth, Eng., Sept. 19.—The steamer Beresford has arrived here, having in tow the trawler Vulture, of Brixham, and four ship's boats, containing the captain, crew and passengers of the Netherlands American Steamship Company's steamship Edam, of Rotterdam, from New York, bound for Amsterdam. At 1 o'clock this morning the Edam collided with the Turkistan when 50 miles southeast of Start Point. The collision occurred in a dense fog. The captain, crew and passengers of the Edam, who had taken to the boats immediately after the collision, were picked up by the trawler.

New York, Sept. 19.—The Edam, Captain Brumsma, sailed from this port on September 5, bound for Amsterdam. On this trip she carried no cabin passengers.

DEATH TO HIGH RATES.

Submarine Cable to Connect Hawaii With Hayti.

New York, Sept. 24.—The United States and Hayti Cable company has chartered the steamer Mackay-Bennett to lay the first section of a submarine cable to connect Hawaii with Hayti, West Indies.

The Mackay-Bennett arrived here on Friday and to-day submerged the heavy or shore end of the cable, a length of about ten knots. Competition will begin with the establishment of the new line and will result in bringing down the present high rates. The Hayti company will be able to handle business for the West Indies, Venezuela, the Guinias and Brazil. The board of directors, which is an American corporation, are John Mackay, J. W. Mackay, jr., A. B. Chandler and Albert Beck.

Money, Crops, Trade.

THE WEEK IN TRADE AS VIEWED BY R. G. DUN.

Bradstreet Comments on Bullish Tendency of the Stock Market.

New York, Sept. 21.—R. G. Dun & Co.'s weekly review of trade says:

In spite of gold exports wheat advanced for some days, in all nearly 2c, mainly because a single speculator bought, but on Friday fell about 1c. Corn rose and fell in sympathy with wheat, with as little reason. Western wheat receipts for three weeks of September have been 16,791,660 bushels, against 16,491,629 last year, while Atlantic exports, flour included, have been 3,441,693 bushels, against 7,621,986 last year. Good reports of foreign crops, weakness of flour in Minnesota and large exports of corn from this country, all work against a rise in wheat, though scarcity of contract grades gives it a speculative advance. Pork products have been reasonably yielding, with prospects of a large corn crop, but before the close had a stronger tone. The cotton market, lifting and falling a fraction each day alternately, shows no settled tendency, big stocks, balancing an undoubted but as yet not definite decrease in yield.

The surprising increase in production and advance in price of iron seem to be bringing a natural check, as prices have gone so high as to cause some purchases from Europe both of pig and finished products, and have also caused a distinct shrinkage in home demand. Pig bought at Middlesboro for America, and foreign ore ordered in large quantities to make iron in Eastern furnaces, have depressed Bessemer at Pittsburg to $16.90, though gray forge is higher at $13.40; lake ore and freights have advanced, and the beginning of a strike of Connellsville coke workers will tend to prevent reduction in prices, unless soon stopped by concession of the 11 per cent advance in wages demanded. While the coke production is very large and contracts for the year are made at $1.30 for furnace coke which sold early this year below $1 per ton, it is believed that higher wages can be paid without affecting the market for the finished products which had advanced much more. Bar iron is quoted at $1.65 and steel at 2c at Philadelphia, and the combination here raised cut nails 2c, so that the average of all iron products has risen 5 1-2 per cent in September and 33 1-2 per cent since the lowest point last January, and is now higher than in October, 1892. Nearly all mills in operation have orders enough for six months, though a present decrease in demand is admitted.

Leather has further advanced in some qualities, though the rise of 51 per cent for the first half of the year on 16 qualities has been followed by only 2 per cent rise since July 1, and this week a break has occurred of 2 cents in Union crop. Hides are 8 per cent lower than in July.

The cotton mills which laid in stocks of cotton below 6 cents are enriched by the advance in material, and enabled to make frequent advances in goods, which are sustained. The present demand is dull, but there are no reports of stoppage, and the threatened strike at Fall River does not come. The woolen manufacture is doing well in dress goods and hosiery, but the demand for men's woolens is much restricted, and a few mills have closed. Sales of wool are smaller than last year, and for three weeks only 17,133,470 pounds, of which 7,718,370 were foreign, against 24,572,400 pounds in 1892, of which 7,511,000 were foreign. Prices of foreign wool are so low that purchases for export have been made.

The failures this week have been 213 in the United States, against 210 last year, and 22 in Canada, against 43 last year.

New York, Sept. 21.—Bradstreet's says:

Bullish tendencies have again asserted themselves in speculation, the revival of confidence after the severe liquidation of last week being much more rapid than usual in such cases. The industrial group in particular has recorded an improvement in the lower range of quotations established by the unexpectedly large gold exports and the decline of the treasury specie reserve below the $100,000,000 level. The latter condition has not been remedied, but natural causes seem to have assisted the bond syndicate and the banks to create a lower level in foreign exchange and check the gold outflow. Commercial bills, particularly drafts against cotton exports, are offered with greater freedom, while the hardening of money rates on the assumption that foreign capital will again seek employment here. The pressure of bills on the exchange market was sufficient to cause a decline in demand rates from 489 3-4 to 489 1-4. About $1,500,000 was shipped to Europe early in the week and the early rumors of exceedingly heavy gold exports on Saturday was accordingly revised.

The facts that banks in other cities have been tendering assistance to the treasury has had effect. Rumors of a new bonds issue were kept up persistently, but had little effect. London purchased stocks on the decline, but showed no further interest in Americans when the advance was renewed, nor, though activity increased with the higher range of prices, does our own public seem to have regained confidence.

REVIEW OF WEEK'S BUSINESS.

OFFICE OF THE TOLEDO BLADE,
Toledo, O., Sept. 24, 1895.

The following shows changes in government bonds during the past week:

	Sept 24	Sept. 17
U. S. 4's (new), coupons	122¼	121
U. S. 4's (new), regist'd	122¼	121
U. S. 5's, coupons	115½	115½
U. S. 5's, registered	115½	115½
U. S. 6's, coupons	112½	112½
U. S. 4's, registered	111½	111½
U. S. 2's, registered	96½	96½
Pacific 6's of '96	100	100

Condition of the Grain Market at the Close To-Day.

Wheat started in firm to-day on better cables, world's shipments 2,000,000 bu. less than reported yesterday, and Northwestern receipts not so large as on the previous day. There was little ease on Bradstreet's showing of larger increase in the visible supply than appeared yesterday, but prices soon firmed a fair on shorts covering in Chicago, owing to the Illinois commissioners declaring several elevators irregular. Trade was active for December.

Corn was higher in sympathy with wheat and reports of frost in the Northwest. At Chicago September corn opened at 31 5-8c, fell to 31 1-8c, rose to 31 7-8c, and closed at 31 5-8c; October corn, 30 1-2c, 31c, then 30 7-8c; December opened at 27 7-8c, and closed at 28 1-4c. At New York December corn